

Vol. XI--No. 43

St. Louis, Thursday, December 5, 1901

Price Five Cents

THE MIRROR

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JOURNAL
REFLECTING
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WILLIAM-MARION-REEDY
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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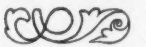


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With

Auburn

Hair



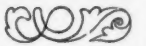
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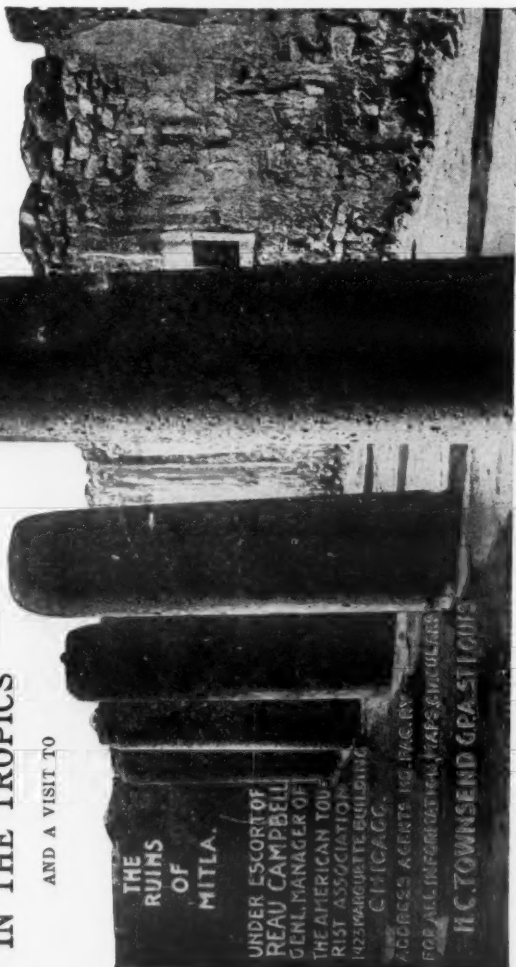
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The Mirror.

VOL. 11—No. 43

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1901.

PRICE, FIVE CENTS.

The Mirror

Published every Thursday at

OZARK BUILDING.

N. W. COR. 10TH AND PINE STS.

Telephones: **MAIN 2147, Kinloch, A 24**

Terms of subscription to THE MIRROR including postage in the United States, Canada and Mexico, \$2.00 per year, \$1.00 for six months. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$3.00 per year.

Single copies, 5 cents.

News Dealers and Agents throughout the country supplied by the American News Company, or any of its branches. Payments, which must be in advance, should be made by Check, Money Order, or Registered Letter, payable to THE MIRROR, St. Louis.

All business communications should be addressed "Business Manager," THE MIRROR.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A., as second-class matter.

WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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IN THE HIGHER BOHEMIA.

ACCEDING to the wishes of a number of persons who enjoyed the anonymous serial that ran through the MIRROR this summer, the publisher of this paper will issue shortly an attractive edition of that remarkable novel,

"THE IMITATOR."

The book is generally understood to be a key novel; that is, the characters chiefly figuring in the story are supposed to be thinly disguised portraits of distinguished, conspicuous, or notorious public personages. In this case a startling study of a society celebrity is supposed to be an analysis, or rather a merciless vivisection, of that weird and wonderful creature, Harry Lehr, whose antics have long amused and amazed the swell set of Gotham. A presentation, in this book, of a society novelist is guessed by the initiated to have reference particularly to the individuality of the distinguished Mr. Hobart Chatfield-Chatfield Taylor, once of Chicago. But probably the most poignantly interesting treatment of an involved, intricate, unexpected and peculiar individuality is that of the great actor whose personality is temporarily usurped by the hero of the novel.

There is a depth to this study that is wonderful. The character is that of a man singularly like Mr. Richard Mansfield, and in its delineation the most satisfactory of all attempts to explain the mystery that is Mansfield is made by the author. The three living personages thus analyzed are public characters and the public will be interested to see the hidden springs of their being revealed. Aside from these character studies, the story-satire is full of clever, searching, smart criticism upon society, art, the stage, literature. There are several passages of love-making that are done in the finest style of the epigrammatic mood. All in all, THE IMITATOR is such a novel as has not been written before in this country. It is excessively up-to-date, and its tone is exactly that of the mad, antic world of the higher Bohemia, where Society and Letters and Art mix in a strange hodge-podge of brilliantly exotic artificiality.

Needless to say that the workmanship in the book-making will be of the best and up to the superior quality of the story-satire itself. The author chooses for the present, at least, to remain anonymous.

THE CHRISTMAS MIRROR.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER of the MIRROR will be issued December 12th. It will be better than former Christmas issues, and that is saying a great deal. The special colored cover will be a work of art which most readers will wish to preserve. The contributions are of a superior order of excellence. The contributors make a most distinguished company. The CHRISTMAS NUMBER will be sent to regular subscribers without extra cost. It will be sold on the streets and at news stands at 10 cents per copy.

REFLECTIONS.

A Tip on Christmas Gifts

EVERYONE is thinking of Christmas presents at this time. We want to do the proper thing by our friends. We don't want to make a present so ostentatiously expensive as to embarrass the recipient and advertise ourselves as "bounders." We don't want to give a present that is so cheap that it appears snide. We are above the plane upon which the illuminated Christmas card is a permissible present. The editor of the MIRROR would suggest to all those in the throes of self-debate over Christmas gifts, that there is an easy way out of the difficulty. First, there are books. Books are always appropriate presents among intelligent people, but books present an embarrassment of choice, too. Then there is the surely satisfactory present of all, a subscription to some first-class newspaper, magazine or periodical. If you have a friend who reads, subscribe for some worthy publication to be sent regularly for a year to him or her. In doing this you make sure that he or she will be reminded of you pleasantly on each recurring day of publication of the periodical. There could be no more agreeable form of remembrance. Every time the recipient enjoyed a good article, a good story, a good poem, a fine illustration he or she would thank you and you would share in the pleasure. Just think how much pleasure you can spread among your friends for a whole year in this way by the expenditure of ten dollars, and what a wide diffusion of joy twenty dollars or fifty dollars would accomplish, used in the same way. The plan suggested gives play for the giver's faculty of judgment and discrimination, sending to each person just the publication or publications he or she would most enjoy, making especially appropriate, effective appeal to individual tastes. Then, too, you can reach your friends in this way all over the civilized world, and as periodicals go from hand to hand you enable

the friends for whom you subscribe to pass the pleasure along to their other friends. In this way you can remember your rich friends and your poor friends with equal grace. You can do it at a more moderate expense than is possible in almost any other method of giving. There is abundant material from which to choose your gifts in this line. Your friends will, in all probability, like what you like, and if you have a favorite publication that you think is doing good work for the world or for any cause in which you are interested, you can, by sending that publication to others, help the cause and the world along. This suggestion is worth thinking over, and the more you think over it, the more you will see that it solves a vexing annual problem in a fashion at once delicate and satisfying.

Woman and Opportunity

MISS JANE ADDAMS is a woman who rarely talks nonsense, and she talks her full share, too. She said, the other day, that women are better than men only, or chiefly, "because they have not the same chance to be bad." This is only partly true, but it would seem that Miss Addams should have said a word right there in approval of the men who have deprived women of the "chance to be bad." A woman can't be very bad without a man's assistance in some manner, shape or form; while a man can go away off by his lonely and be bad in the three-hundred and thirty-third degree without ever seeing a woman. Therefore men are pretty good fellows in not helping more women to be bad. Of course even in this matter of lonely badness men are selfish. They won't share the pleasure of being bad. A man may make a good woman bad by playing on her goodness to some extent, but no woman can make a good man bad even by playing upon his badness. Just whether Miss Addams' opinion on this matter is not to be qualified is hard to say. Is woman good because she has no chance to be bad? Is there nothing in the theory that there is an innate goodness in all women, implanted there by nature, in order that good shall have a little advantage in the struggle with evil in the soul of woman's offspring? If woman be not innately better than man the scheme of things must be out of gear somewhere. There is something in the supreme function of womanhood, it seems, that necessitates the moral superiority of woman as a matter, not of logic or of opportunity, but of instinct. What would become of the world if the children could not naturally look to their mothers as the embodiment of virtue? Who that has been loved or is or was a lover is not convinced that the worst woman is in some quite inexplicable manner better than most men? What is this doctrine of Miss Jane Addams, but the doctrine, in delicate terms, of the fallibility of any women, given the psychological moment—the doctrine of the blackguard and the rake. Is it only lack of opportunity that keeps woman good? Not at all. There is no lack of opportunity, when you reflect upon the matter. There is, if anything, lack of inclination. Miss Addams' remarks would imply that the way to keep women good is to restrict opportunity, to narrow woman's field. Does this distinguished lady believe that broadening women's minds enlarges their chances to be bad? If so, are women worse to-day than they were a thousand years ago? Not if we have read our classics aright. When Miss Addams speaks of women taking advantage of their "unfranchised condition" to do work among the vicious classes, she implies that enfranchisement would in some way incapacitate women for that sort of work. The editor of the MIRROR believes that if women take hold of the franchise seriously, the result will be the obliteration of many of the social conditions that help to create the vicious classes. If the women ever take the ballot seriously there will be no tenement slums and no dives in the great cities. Miss Addams doesn't seem to be quite well informed on her

subject. When she says women have no chance to be bad she is mistaken. They have more chance than men, being, to a greater extent, unoccupied with a multiplicity of things and therefore especially subject to *ennui*. When Miss Addams implies that women of "unfranchised condition" are therein advantaged, she is mistaken. The enfranchised woman, when she shall have determined to demand and use the franchise, will sweep multitudes of evils from the world. The Woman shall put her heel upon the head of the Serpent. It is written.



Docked Tails

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is the friend of the horse. He refuses to ride upon or behind an animal with a docked tail. If it be true that his wearing of the slouch hat has made that headpiece the fashion, it is to be hoped his example will set the fashion, also, of frowning down the mutilation of dumb brutes. For this, not less than for many apparently greater things, the people will hold the President in honor.



Congress and The Parties.

AGAIN Congress is in session and again the representatives of Democracy therein appear before the country divided as to any detail of policy and hopelessly futile. The party of opposition is, unfortunately, nothing else. It has at least half-way abandoned its policy of financial reform, because the people have twice repudiated that policy. The people, too, have signified their disapproval of a policy of obstruction in dealing with the Philippines. On the tariff question the Republicans seem more interested in revision or in constructing some scheme of reciprocity than any or all of the Democrats. The Democracy has nothing to say upon civil service reform. The Republican President is a civil service reformer who means what he says. The Republicans are fully as awake to the necessity of effective yet sane action against the trusts as are the Democrats. As to a government economically administered the Republicans make a good showing in the reform of the second class mail service. In the matter of doing something for the people the Republicans can show the extension of free rural delivery of mail. There has been no outcropping of imperialism in the colonies. There is no chance to make an issue over Cuba. The Democrats in Congress appear not to have an issue left to stand on, unless they contemplate reviving the Schley-Sampson controversy. They are not even thinking, apparently, of warring upon pension abuses, and if they were the Republican Commissioner of Pensions is reforming the department to such an extent as to excite the rancorous antagonism of the pension-sharks throughout the country. The Democrats have a discredited leader on the floor and another in Lincoln, Nebraska. They have turned down suggestions from New York, because they think that Tammany is a "dead one." They appear to be going into a bushwhacking fight with no definite principle and no set purpose. Never before has a great National party appeared so pitiable, not to say contemptible. It doesn't seem to believe in anything. It depends for existence, apparently, upon the fact that its rival does things, for a policy of general opposition, without constructive aim. The greatest danger of the Republicans is the surplus, but they will be able to cut that down, by abolishing more war taxes, and razing the high protective duties. The ship subsidy measure may give them some trouble, but the ship subsidy scheme has no such bright prospects as it had up to three months ago. At this opening of Congress it is not apparent that there is anything in the air threatening to impair the party's prospect of a long lease of power. The bosses may fall out with the President, but if they do, and if the public is not mistaken in the President, the result of such a quarrel will be a popular rally to the President's support, and the annihilation of the bosses. There is always the unexpected, of course, and many people bank heavily upon the President's unexpectedness, but by this time the great majority of Americans have come to the conclusion that President Roosevelt's erraticism is a

figment of the imaginations of those who realize that they cannot control him. In any fight between Congress and the White House, nine Americans out of ten to-day have a natural inclination to lean toward the White House, because they know that it contains a man strictly "in the open" and "on the square."



Ireland and England

IN one of the districts of Ireland the people have elected to Parliament a Colonel Lynch whose chief claim upon the voters was that he had served in the Boer army, against the British. There is some question whether the Colonel will be allowed to take his seat, as his act was an act of treason to the government of which he has not been acquitted. The election serves to show to the English the full measure of Ireland's irreconcilability, and the worst of it is, from a British standpoint, that there are hundreds of thousands of pro-Boer Britishers who approve the Irish method of showing sympathy with the burghers of South Africa. Great Britain will eventually learn that the Empire is never safe so long as the Irish are unpacified and ready to help any of the enemies of the Empire. Ireland is a fire in the rear of England in every fight and in the present state of English prestige it would certainly be well for England to try to do something that would mollify the Irish.



Injunction

GOVERNMENT by injunction is growing upon us, as is shown by an item of news from New York. "Ernest Block, a young glass-cutter, whose suit for the hand of 19-year-old Ada Kinnicut has been frowned upon by his prospective mother-in-law, has had his sweetheart haled before the court on a writ of habeas corpus. He asserts that his trade gives him an ample income, and that he is well able to care for a wife. He sets forth that he and Miss Kinnicut were engaged, but that her mother had locked her in her room, and that he could not see her or continue to press his suit, and it is to ascertain whether or not she was forcibly detained that Mr. Block has set in motion the wheels of justice." The young man might have sued his mother-in-law for unlawful detainer, but that wasn't strong enough. Nothing would do but an injunction. How very modern! How much of a change from the old romantic days of rope-ladders and such, or from storming the house and releasing the girl by main strength. What an indication is this incident of the growth of respect for law. And what it must mean to the lawyers in the matter of fees, for, of course, one can't get an injunction without a lawyer! The Trust companies have been driving the lawyer out of business, but Love is eternal and quite universal and if lovers are to need the service of lawyers to overcome the objections of coldly obdurate parents, the practice of the law is going to be even more remunerative than the formation of corporations. Let government by injunction, along these lines, proceed most processional.



A Field Plagiary

THE literary plagiarist is a daring beast. A man named Sillard has sent to London *Literature*, and had published as his own, a poem entitled "The Shell," which was written by Eugene Field and appears in that author's "Little Book of Western Verse." *Literature* is the bookish weekly adjunct of the London *Times*. That establishment is easily imposed on by forgeries of all sorts. Sillard, however, isn't one-tenth as clever as was Pigott, who palmed off on Mr. Delane the Parnell forgeries.



State Pawnshops

IN Illinois there is a law known as the State Pawnners act. It was framed to enable the poor to borrow money without putting themselves in the power of the loan sharks. The second annual meeting of the Chicago Pawnners' Society, which was organized under the provisions of the new law, has recently been held, and the report of the President, John V. Farwell, Jr., showed earnings for the year amounting to 12.72 per cent on the present capital invested in loans—\$160,000. This is a net gain of 3.92 per cent

over the first year's earnings of the society. It appears further, from the report, that the institution is a popular one, and during the year 39,173 persons availed themselves of its privileges with loans amounting to a total of \$400,475. The enterprise has not only lessened the burden upon the poor, but has paid a neat profit to those who have invested in it. The law is a great success. The people in whose behalf it was framed have availed themselves of it quite generally. The State pawnshop is an institution that should be more generally adopted for the relief of the poor or the temporarily distressed in all the great cities of the country.



Maclay

WHAT a queer world it is! The best friend that Admiral Schley has had, has been the man who put in a book an imputation that the Admiral was a coward. Maclay, the historian, should be given the various testimonials that Schley will not accept. It might be a good idea to bury him under them as was Tarpeia by the shields from the legionaries' left arms.



The Battle Against the Boodler

THAT genial bandit, Col. Edward Butler, is endeavoring to force the police to let him run a telegraph gambling game as his "graft" for supporting reform in this city last spring. That affable boodler, Col. Butler, threatens to show up how Mayor Wells was elected because he has not been permitted to dictate Mayor Wells' policy and control legislation with "stuff" in it. That capable capitalistic "con man," Col. Edward Butler, says he will turn the town over to the Republicans if the reform Democrats don't let him drive the owners of the Jockey Club out of business, because they won't take him in. That very good humored political pirate, Col. Edward Butler, threatens to make Missouri Republican unless Governor Dockery "calls off" Harry Hawes in his war against Col. Butler the lawbreaker. That most fascinating fixer of elections and furnisher of ballot-box stuffers, Col. Edward Butler, declares he won't have any interference with his monopoly of manipulating boodle in the Municipal Assembly, and if any one dares to try to interfere he (Col. Butler) will send the interferer to the penitentiary. That agreeable traitor to everybody, Col. Butler, after having a gambler indicted on evidence supplied by Butler, turns around and goes on the gambler's bond with ultimate design to use the gambler against Mayor Wells and Mr. Hawes. The proteanly pleasant Col. Butler, in brief, serves notice on the Democratic City Administration that it may dare to be decent only in peril of exciting his displeasure. He will destroy Mayor Wells, Mr. Hawes, the whole party, if the party representatives in office do not allow him unrestricted sway in the local world of graft, boodling for corporations, squeezing gamblers, cornering legislation and controlling the offices. Now the cheerful and the frightfully frank Col. Butler has been able to carry this sort of bluff through to a finish many times. The Colonel has strong financial backing to enable him to do this. The Colonel has many corporations on his staff and they all think that if they don't pay Butler to get what they want, or to keep others from not getting what the others want they will be ruined in business. The Colonel's bluff is good with the corporations for whom he has done work in the past. But the Colonel's bluff "doesn't go" with Mayor Rolla Wells and it "doesn't go" with President Harry Hawes of the Police Board. Those two gentlemen stand for the redemption of the city from boodle legislation and their party from boodling and corporation domination. They don't pose as reformers. They stand up and say very simply but very firmly that the elimination of Col. Butler and his methods is not a dream, but that it is good politics, politics of the highest practical type. They stand for the proposition that business enterprises in this city shall not be burdened with the exactions of a daring boodler who holds no public office yet presumes to rule the town. They stand for the proposition that Ed. Butler shall not be master of opportunity in this city, that he and his crowd shall not say forever who shall or shall not be permitted to do business

or to hold office in this city. Mayor Wells and President Hawes represent the young man idea, while Butlerian bossism is the one thing that keeps the young man down, unless the young man will get under the Butler wing. Butler represents the close-corporation of interests that have controlled this town to the exclusion of new blood. Mayor Wells and President Hawes represent the young men to whom politics means duty not booty, ideals not deals. Butler stands for the two extremes of wealthy cunning and poor ignorance, using the latter to bolster up the alleged respectability of the former. Mayor Wells and President Hawes and their supporters ask only for the rescue of the city from the tyranny of the plutocrats who corrupt the lower electorate, and the vicious elements that help the plutocrats to millions for the poor pittance of a few dollars on election day, and an occasional lift when in the hands of the law. Mayor Wells and President Hawes stand for the more decent conception of politics. They talk out what they mean. They are dead game to a finish. They are enlisted in a fight against Butlerism, because Butlerism summarizes in itself everything that has made insistent the demand for a New St. Louis. Butler stands out with a brazenness almost admirable for corrupt legislation, for obstructed improvements, for the violated ballot box, for the rapacity of public service corporations, for the lawlessness of "Indians," and the immunity of thug assassins, for all the forms of the "hold up" and the "shake-down," and the "freeze out." Col. Butler has flourished as a corruptionist in both parties. Mayor Wells and President Hawes are trying to prove to him that he doesn't dominate the local Democracy. They are fighting him for no other reason than because he and his methods are the concentrated essence of everything that stands in the way of the municipal awakening, the new St. Louis, the City Beautiful. Every person in St. Louis that cares for the higher interests of St. Louis, regardless of party, must sympathize with and support Mayor Wells and President Hawes in their determination to demonstrate to Col. Butler that "no king nor clown can rule this town."

The Canal and the Railroads

A STORY is abroad to the effect that the transcontinental railroads formerly solidly opposed to an isthmian canal, have come together, in another application of community-of-interest, and have arranged to control transportation through the canal when it shall have been constructed. The people are ready to believe almost anything of the railway magnates in these consolidating days, but it must be said that there is no evidence that the railroads have, as yet, secured enough of ocean power of transportation to fix rates through the canal, even if Pierpont Morgan has gathered in one or two of the smaller lines of steamers. The transcontinental railways may make rates from ocean to ocean so low as to make the use of their lines cheaper than the use of the canal for shippers, but that could not last for long. Water transportation is cheaper than rail transportation, and so much cheaper that rail transportation cannot be kept down to that level. The only way the railways can master water competition is to control water transportation lines. That has been done on the American rivers, but it cannot be done very well on canal transportation for the reason that the government will own the canal and there will be no chance to secure favoritism in rates through the canal. The government will wish to make money out of the canal and it will maintain rates to that end. The government will not permit the railways to run the canal or to use it in any way to further the ends of private monopoly.

Serum Therapy Endangered

Too much noise has not been made over the deaths from tetanus as a result of contaminated diphtheritic antitoxin in this city. The death of thirteen children is a matter important enough to cause a noise. While the discussion of the matter may temporarily bring serum therapy into discredit, the eventual result must be to enforce everywhere stricter precautions in the preparation of the serum. The

thirteen children have not died in vain, for their deaths may save the lives of thousands in the future, (though this is hardly a consolatory philosophy for parents of the little ones.) The physicians, however, had better stir themselves to make plain the fact that the deaths in question were the result not of the serum itself but of accident, or, maybe, neglect, in its preparation. If the physicians do not act in the matter there will be a popular prejudice established against all serum treatment that cannot be abated in forty years. The physicians do not appear to realize this danger as they should. That the danger is great is shown by the fact that tetanus cases resulting from the use of vaccine virus and tuberculosis serum are cropping up all over the country and are being exploited by the sensational press and, in some instances, by sensational politicians. This makes for a reaction against serum therapy all over the world and that reaction must mean, if it be unchecked, the revival of epidemics. The physicians should be doing more to convince the people that the serum treatment is not deadly in itself. If the physicians do not arouse themselves on this subject the public will begin to think that the profession is inclined to "reneege" on its former claims as to the efficacy of the treatment and, confidentially, the physicians do appear to be losing their faith of a few years ago. At least, they are modifying their enthusiasm.

The Arctic Republic

THAT new Republic to have been established in the Klondike by an uprising against British authority turns out to have been a big fake. The story, however, was plausible enough, as it was based upon a general proposition that was not dissimilar to the plea of the Uitlanders against the Boers in the Transvaal. The taxes imposed upon those entering or leaving the Klondike are very onerous, and the strangers have no voice in the government.

D. R. F.

THE posters for the World's Fair have been designed and issued at last. They are so original, compared, for instance, with the Buffalo Rainbow poster. They are so artistic, too. But the beauty of the design is that it couldn't be complete without a portrait of the President, D. R. Francis. Why not? Isn't the Fair a Francis Fair? Of course it is. It was pretty nice to put pictures of McKinley and Roosevelt and Jefferson and Napoleon and Secretary of State Hay in the border about the President's proclamation. But it was absolutely necessary that the thing should bear a portrait of D. R. F. It had to be. The Art Department and the Publicity committee knew their business. They wouldn't take any chance upon a symbolic design. They wouldn't stand for a few thousand dollars for a real striking poster drawing by an artist of imaginative scope. That would be a waste of time on a production to be laid before the gentlemen at the head of the affair whose proud boast is that they have neither sentiment nor imagination. The Art Department knew that the thing that would go would be something that contained a portrait of D. R. F. Didn't they see every day that the paper that was doing most for the fair was the *Republic* and that its great service was the printing of various portraits of D. R. F. at the head of the Fair news? D. R. F. reading a telegram, D. R. F. receiving a committee, D. R. F. at the telephone, D. R. F. in the act of thinking. So D. R. F.'s picture was placed in the border, in the lower right-hand corner. A nice picture of him, too. The poster was adopted without dissent and 10,000 were issued "to all the parts of the earth." Just think of it! Ten thousand! Ten thousand and will just about cover the whole earth with advertising of the Fair. Of course the covering will be thin and the posters will be soon *introuvable* to collectors of Jeffersonana, McKinleyana, Napoleonona, Rooseveltana and Francisana, but the world at large enjoys the inestimable boon of seeing how much handsomer is D. R. F. than any of the others on the poster. There are artistic persons who think the World's Fair poster is commonplace and banale, that it is the cheapest sort of art advertising, that it represents nothing so conspicuously as the utter absence in the Fair

management of any original idea of the beautiful, the impressive. But they are only artistic persons. The poster is along the artistic level of the premium diploma issued by a country fair. It will create a sensation when it is displayed in the art centers of the world, like Paris, Rome, Munich, Florence. But it scatters abroad the likeness of D. R. F. all right and declares him, in no uncertain tones, all the mustard. Moreover, it is the beginning of a general system of making the Fair more and more of a D. R. F. institution. The stock will, of course, contain a picture of D. R. F. So will the bonds. So will the especially issued stamps. So will the special issue of half-dollars to be issued in commemoration of the Fair. They will contain a head of D. R. F. on both the obverse and the reverse. There will be a portrait of D. R. F. on every premium diploma. If both Jefferson and Napoleon are to have statues in the ground there must be a statue also of D. R. F. His name and features will illumine the tickets of admission and all the passes. All this is supereminently proper. We cannot have too much of D. R. F. The Art and Publicity Department of the Fair start in well with their artistic output. They distinguish themselves by the novelty of their first appeal to the public. They reveal a wonderful wealth of invention. The World's Fair poster, as it has been reproduced in the papers, is a truly great work, fitly forecasting the splendid artistic future. And the whole earth is to be reached with 10,000 copies, according to the daily papers. My, but the Fair is "getting a move on it," with a vengeance. And, gee whillikins! isn't it great boosting for D. R. F.?

Washington and Tillman

AT the Charleston Fair, otherwise the Interstate and West Indian Exposition, there will be a Negro Department under the direction of Booker T. Washington. This must cause great disturbance in the mental "innards" of Senator Tillman, who doesn't believe that the negro should be educated or allowed to rise in any way. And yet Booker Washington is worth more to the Charleston Fair than Tillman was, for Tillman couldn't even secure an appropriation in Congress on the last day of the last session of Congress.

About a Curio

THROUGH all the papers there is still cropping out an item that relates, with great minuteness of detail, a description of the socks and shoes worn by Harry Lehr at the New York Horse Show. The interest in Lehr is undying. He has never done anything but carry out a silly pose of dainty effeminacy, with Alciphronic suggestions of parasitism, and yet he is one of the world's celebrities, for a copy of whose picture a photographic company charges the sum of \$1.50. Mr. Lehr is probably not all he seems. The indications are that he has nicely feathered his nest by doing things that would nauseate an ordinary man. Nevertheless he is one of the figures of the time, and in the forthcoming anonymous novel, "The Imitator," his character and career are supposed to be pictured with marvelous accuracy. The publication of "The Imitator" has been delayed, but it will appear, barring further accident, before Christmas.

The Murder Nation

Is the United States the Murder Nation? A Louisville clergyman is quoted as saying that "human life is safer in the dominions of the Ameer of Afghanistan than it is in Kentucky. There are more murders in Louisville with 200,000 people than there are in London with 7,000,000. There are more murders in Kentucky with its 2,000,000 people than in Great Britain with a population of 40,000,000. Finally there are more murders in the United States than in the whole of Europe with Italy and Turkey left out, and Russia included." The Nashville *American* says: "No other civilized nation approaches this in the matter of murder, and those which come nearest to it are such countries as Italy and Turkey, where the assassin's knife is freely used and where men allow their hate and disgraceful passions to rule their conduct. This nation has a red record

The Mirror

of which it should heartily be ashamed." The Rochester *Post-Express* has colligated the above statements with the statistics collected by the *Chicago Tribune*, showing that the lynchings in the United States from 1885 to 1901 were 2,516, and the *Washington Post's* statement that the number of murders in the United States range from 7,000 to 9,000 a year, as well as Dr. Andrew White's assertion in a paper several years ago that the murders had risen as high as 10,000 a year. The *Post-Express* says that such facts warrant careful consideration and impress the thoughtful person with the need of more attention than is now given to the protection of life, a function of the State that is constantly overlooked by most social reformers. "Instead of frittering away time on some petty scheme for the regeneration of humanity, social reformers should devote themselves to the discovery of some means to put a stop to this shocking annual slaughter." All of which the MIRROR approves generally, but to which the MIRROR would add that the remedy is simple. The ordinances of all the great cities contain enactments against carrying concealed weapons. Those ordinances are not enforced. They can be enforced and without very much trouble. Heavy fines imposed on every person found carrying weapons concealed would discourage the practice. The mere possession of a weapon should be regarded in any case of homicide or assault to kill as indicative of a certain amount of premeditatedness in the assault, and judges should so instruct. The pistol-toter, as he is called in the *Houston Chronicle*, is always a possible slaughterer of his fellow. The pistol-toter who kills another pistol-toter, is always ready with his plea of self-defense, though the chances are that the man with a gun is only too ready to use it, and is apt to invite trouble where none would otherwise exist. The pistol-toter must go. He must be stamped out in the cities, for there is more killing in the cities than in the bad lands. The pistol-toter in the cities makes this the Murder Nation. The pistol-toting habit makes men quarrelsome. It provides excuse for killing, in that it is a defense to the charge of murder that the murderer "thought the other fellow had a gun." Fine the pistol-toter and make him pay the fine and the murder record will diminish at once.



Excluding the Chinese

WU-TING-FANG is against a re-enactment of the Geary law excluding the Chinese. But the exclusion act will be re-enacted nevertheless, in deference to the Labor Vote. The Chinese cannot hope to be admitted to this country when the whole nation looks on carelessly at the disfranchisement of the negroes in the South. An attempt will be made, too, to exclude natives of the Philippines and probably of Hawaii. The tendency of the United States to become exclusive, while at the same time becoming more expansive, is one of the wonders of contemporary politics.



Lying, Thieving Party Leaders

THE libelsuit of ex-Representative Cardwell against the *St. Louis Republic* is bringing out facts that should damn the Democracy of Missouri. It is admitted on the witness stand that the corporations of the State are generous contributors to Democratic campaign funds, and it is testified that in return for such contributions Democratic party managers protect the contributing corporations from legislation inimical to the interests of the corporations. But, say the Democrats, the corporations also contribute to the Republicans. Though true, that is no defense. The Republicans, at least, have never made an anti-corporation canvass on money furnished by corporations. The Democrats howled against corporation corruption while their pockets were full of corporation money. The Democrats breathed threatenings and slaughter against plutocracy in the open, but under cover they assured the plutocrats their howlings meant nothing and the party bosses interfered to check legislation calculated to put platform promises into effect. Secretary of State Cook has made admissions on the stand that show what a fake the whole Democratic shriek against corporations has been. Now that the revelations are made, the whole force of the

party is brought to bear to prevent their continuance. To the proposal that the party shall be purged of its boodlers and grafters, there is no word of assent from any leader. The cry is "hush it up." The party organs garble the testimony about corruption or else they ignore it. They don't want the people to have the facts. The press of the party under fire becomes an accomplice of the lobbyists and grafting bosses to silence the accusers of the party leaders. The corporations that the Democracy howls against are the main support of the party and the ring that holds up the corporations for money is able to strangle the newspapers. The whole campaign for four years, based upon threats to restrain corporate greed, has been a pretense. The men who got into power on that campaign were pledged to the service of the corporations against the people. All the corporate interests were held up and all they asked or received for their gifts of money was that the Democrats in office should not do anything that they pledged themselves to the people to do. Though the libel suit be dismissed and the taking of testimony stopped, the admissions of the Secretary of State and Representative Ransdell are enough to sustain the charge that the Democracy in this State is owned and controlled by the corporation lobby. The party machinery is a tool in the hands of the enemies of the people. This revelation along with other revelations of weirdly incompetent management of the State's funds is enough, in all conscience, to justify a popular uprising against the Democrats. The Democratic party managers, all ruralists by the way and not wicked city men, are hopelessly corrupt. They are deceivers and liars. They prey upon both the public and the corporations, using each to mulct the other. They shake down the corporations for funds to get themselves into office in order that, as officials, they may make ducks and drakes of school funds and other public moneys. The report upon the State finances is proof at least of incompetency. The testimony in the Cardwell libel suit is proof positive of the most brazen sort of blackmailing and boodling. If after such disclosures the Democratic ring can still hold the State in its clutches Missourians are simply victims of wholesale moral atrophy. We don't even hear a cry of "reform within the party." All we hear is that there must be no disclosure of the private affairs of a political party, no telling tales out of school. We must have silence that the game may continue for the profit of the Democratic ring. Verily now, if ever, is the time to wipe out the present Democratic ring by wiping out the party as a whole. Now is the time when the Republicans of the State should cease fighting among themselves over the Federal offices and get together for a campaign that will put the facts of Democratic corruption before the people from whom these facts are kept by a pitiable, cowardly and venal boss-controlled Democratic press. Every Missourian, even though he be only "indifferent honest," should be against the hypocritical thieves who run Democracy in this State. If the Republicans will quit falling out among themselves they can carry this State now, but they can't carry it if they allow themselves to be led by men like Mr. Kerens who is hand-in-glove with the very lobbyists who buy and sell the Democratic leaders.



A Principle of Law

THE State of Kansas tried to prescribe the rates of the Kansas City Stock Yards Company. Judge Brewer, of the Supreme Court, has decided that the State of Kansas cannot play favorites in its establishment of rates. The State has power to make regulations of rates, but not to make a difference in rates between similar institutions. To make a higher rate for the Kansas City Stock Yard Company than for its rivals in business was simply putting a penalty on the former enterprise. It amounted practically to confiscation of the company's business, if the law had been enforced. Kansas made the rates because the Stock Yards Company was supposed to be a monopoly, but there was no evidence tending to show that the company was a monopoly by virtue of any franchise or privilege bestowed by the State of Kansas, upon which special rates might be based

as a method of compensation for the privilege. Judge Brewer's decision is not new. The same fair-play decision has been rendered again and again, yet States will continue to enact special laws putting special burdens on special private interests. Nine-tenths of such laws should never be signed and yet they are indorsed for political reasons by State attorney-generals who know that the law is just what Judge Brewer says it is. The law that lets out a corporation like the Kansas City Stock Yards Company is the same law that guarantees the humblest citizen his right to be treated as any other citizen. If corporations could be penalized indiscriminately it would not be long until individuals would be singled out and made to pay heavier taxes than their fellows in like avocations.



Train Wrecks

THE terrible Thanksgiving eve wreck upon the Wabash railroad has evoked the usual number of suggestions as to means for the prevention of such disasters. There is but one preventive of such collisions and that is the double track. The cost of double tracking a great road like the Wabash would be enormous, but it would pay in the long run, in a saving not only of the wreckage of cars, but of large sums that are paid out annually as damages. The smallest kind of a wreck costs a railroad company a great deal of money. It is nothing for an ordinary freight wreck to pile up an expense of \$25,000, while wrecks in which people are injured and maimed run easily up into the hundreds of thousands of dollars of expenditures. The newest plans for prevention of wrecks are all defective, so long as the single track is used. There will be wrecks just so long as employees forget and send one train along a track upon which there is another. The double track is the only sure means of reducing wrecks to a minimum, though there will always be wrecks just as long as the men who run trains are fallible.



Britain in Decoy

POULTENEY BIGELOW thinks England is a dying nation and in support of his impression cites the fact that English tailors are losing their cunning in cutting and fitting. Mr. Bigelow says that he had to give to poor relations the clothes he had made in London for himself. Mr. Bigelow thinks that a nation that can't produce good tailors is on the road to decay. The distinguished Mr. Bigelow is probably right. The fact that he cites is proof positive that in England there is no such thing as "the survival of the fittest."



Stevenson Unmasked

IDOL-WORSHIPERS have been severely jolted by William Ernest Henley's article on Robert Louis Stevenson, in the *Pall Mall Magazine* for December. Mr. Henley's article bears the stamp of truth. It is severe on Stevenson as a *charmeur* and a *poseur*, but its verity is inescapable. Mr. Henley intimates that Stevenson was so infatuated with himself as to be almost open to the designation of "cad." Mr. Henley objects to the self-consciousness of all Stevenson's homilies, and his everlasting concern with his own mental attitudes. Mr. Henley doesn't believe in the bathetic heroics over Stevenson's acceptance of the role of martyr with his meticulous, stylistic resignation. Mr. Henley's word was needed. Stevenson needed to be dis-aureoled. It does not leave him less interesting, even if it unclothes him of spontaneity. It does leave him nakedly exposed as a veritable *Sentimental Tammy*, the typical writer, wallowing in the delight of measuring and playing with his own moods. Mr. Henley reveals the man Stevenson, in showing his peculiar pensive charlatanry. He has done Stevenson's character the service of justice, and has done it in an essay great if almost brutally blunt.



All's Well

THE President's message is sane and strong and well restrained, and the Supreme Court has knocked out "imperialism" in the Philippines. The country is still safe.

Little.

BY BREAD ALONE.

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

IF the fiction-reader is not sick and tired of the literary affection, pretty puppetry and galvanized romance of the modern popular novel there is, of course, neither help nor need of help for him. I remember reading, some months ago, in the MIRROR, an appreciation of "Sister Carrie," a novel by Theodore Dreiser, which, to say the least, was an honest and adequate estimate of a book that has not been equalled by any of the mushroom generation of American "novelists." I know a number of reviewers, none of whom knows Mr. Dreiser nor hopes for benefits at the hands of his publishers, who went to great trouble to "give away" to various publications careful reviews of "Sister Carrie."

Being interested in both book and author I have made diligent inquiries of the book-sellers here and elsewhere as to the "selling qualities" of that book, and, in every instance, I have been informed that it is "a dead one," from the shop-keeper's point of view. I was talking to a publisher the other day about Mr. Dreiser's book and its apparent failure, and he explained matters thus.

"You know Sister Carrie was accepted by the publishing firm's junior partner while the 'old man' was abroad. He came back in time to read an advanced proof of the work and was so shocked by its ingenuous fidelity to the seamy sides of human nature that he wanted to stop the job right there. He was finally persuaded, however, to send out a hundred copies to the book reviewers and abide by their dicta. No effort was made to advertise it and half the so-called 'literary editors,' who cannot see anything unless illuminated by the great white light of the advertising pages, failed to discover any great merit in the book."

"A few copies found their way to England and there the writers who have made literature a study and fiction a specialty, pounced upon 'Sister Carrie' as a notable, if not an epoch-making, book. They noticed it to such a purpose that it at once jumped into the favor of English fiction-readers and is now enjoying a vogue in London that is not approached by any of the trumpeted tommy-rot which prevails in America to-day. The moral is easy; in this country the popularity of a book depends upon 'judicious advertising.' In Europe there is at least a self-respecting, decent desire on the part of the reading public to make its own estimate of the merits of a book."

Now all this may not be news to MIRROR readers, but it is prompted by the fact that another notable book has just emanated from the presses of McClure, Phillips and Company that has not been blatantly heralded and is, therefore, likely to suffer the neglect of the critics and the reading public. "By Bread Alone," a novel by a young Chicagoan, Isaac K. Friedman, is so essentially, so audaciously different from any of the "popular" books of the past five years, so boldly virile, so vocal of the misery, the passion, the weakness and the tragedy of the here and the now, that the wonder is any enterprising publisher had the nerve to put it between covers.

True, it is innocent of the risqué suggestiveness of Dreiser's vivid story, but its author has dared to picture the lives and emotions of the common men and women of to-day. The tin-bucket brigade, the men next whom the average novel reader doesn't like to sit, even in church, people the book. It is a story of the South Chicago steel works, a narrative fabric in which the tragic, ominous background of ignorance, poverty and toil is lightened and made terrible by contrast with the interwoven threads of that society, that power and that wealth which, in America, is so dependent and yet so heavy upon the souls of the men who labor with their hands.

It is a story of the hell-pits of a rolling mill where human life, by the very necessity of the industrial inferno, cannot be esteemed more tenderly than the tools and trams which are the weapons of the naked men there fighting, unknown and unknowing, like the stokers reeking in the sultry bowels of a majestic and victorious battleship. A

power of comprehending and picturing the monstrous glories and terrors of the steel mills is, perhaps, the most striking quality of Mr. Friedman's latest work. A sense of the awful, of the heroic, of the tragic in men and things, dominates, if it does not overshadow, his preception of what I may call the ordinary phenomena of nature. But it is this very leaning towards the vaster problems and pictures which makes his choice of subject and his treatment of it most notable. He has cast his lines in lowly places and made them noble by the simple virility, the graphic might of his almost rude style.

There is a suggestion of both Zola and Balzac in "By Bread Alone." One can feel the influence of Hugo, too. But there is a tonic effect in these very evidences of a devoted apprenticeship and nothing at all suggestive of that "unconscious cerebration" or tawdry mimicry which distinguishes and damns half of the clap-trap romances that are now making fame by ton measurement for their authors. Mr. Friedman is less happy in those passages in which all literary diletanti excel, viz., the fancy scenes in which high society and aristocratic small-talk are the essential materials. It is a happy omen, I fancy, and in time the young author will find that they can be omitted without making turgid even a story of life among the lowly. In character drawing, too, he lacks something of the light touch and diligence of detail which makes for the photographic accuracy of the French masters with whose artistry he is saturated. But he atones for it by the bold, almost harsh, vigor of his portraiture.

The motif of the story is the labor question as it appeals to the hero, Blair Carhart, a dreamer and reformer, who abandons a life of professional ease that he may teach and uplift the toilers. The very ultimate failure of the Quixotic hero is an earnest of the sincerity of the story. Mr. Friedman, in his intense anxiety to absorb his facts and atmosphere at first hand, spent six months as a common laborer in the great steel plant of which he writes. There are Poles, Hungarians, Russians, Swedes and Croats in the shifting but concrete drama which he has presented. The beautiful love-story which runs through it all is as essential to its construction and as harmonious to the composition as the thundering volcanoes of the furnaces or the gray gloom of the squalid slums that form its setting.

THE MIGHTY MULVIHILL.

BRIDGEPORT'S COAL-SHOVELER MAYOR.

WHEN an overwhelming majority of the voters of a city of 75,000 inhabitants decide that for two years they wish to have as the chief executive officer of their municipality an untutored laboring man there must be something about that particular individual which makes him stand out from the usual order of men. This is what the city of Bridgeport, Conn., has done in the election of Denis Mulvihill to its Mayoralty. The characteristic of Denis Mulvihill which stands out notably is his rugged, unflinching, persistent, determined, and, it may be said, cold-blooded honesty.

It is no labor agitator that has been chosen to preside over the destinies of Bridgeport. In fact, he was by no means a "labor candidate," as such candidates go. He stood for one distinctive idea in municipal government—the idea of scrupulous economy in all phases of the city government, and upon that platform solely he was elected. He had stood in the city council as an alderman for four years and a half, and had objected, with what seemed unpopular energy, to many apparently harmless proposals of both his own party and his political opponents. The plans to which he usually made objection were those involving the expenditure of money. His objection usually took the form of a demand that the project be fully elucidated, and this complete elucidation frequently killed the schemes by very natural retroactive influences.

Denis Mulvihill was the candidate of the Democrats, although his adherents say that in the great total he polled in opposition to the then Republican Mayor, Hugh Stirling,

there were some 2,000 Republican votes. Four days prior to the election, Mulvihill resigned from his position as stoker for the engines of the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Factory. At that position he had labored for nearly thirty years, and when he left was receiving wages of \$14 a week. As Mayor he receives a salary of \$3,000 a year.

Mulvihill's first entry into politics was as a candidate for the Bridgeport board of aldermen four years and a half ago. He was elected as a Democrat, but his principal fame in the council was due to his faithful adherence to the administration of the Republican Mayor, Thomas P. Taylor.

"But," said Mulvihill, a few days ago, in explaining his views on city government to a reporter, "Mayor Taylor brought no politics with him into the city hall, and neither did I. That was the reason we stood together. He was honest."

This administration lasted for two years, but then Mayor Sterling came, and immediately Mulvihill became an obstructionist of the most pronounced type. He opposed nearly everything that Mayor Stirling or his friends proposed.

"My particular objections," said Mulvihill, "were to little junketing trips which members of the council were all the time proposing—trips to investigate what some other city was doing. I don't see any use of these little excursions at the city's expense, and the people backed me up."

Then came the mayoralty campaign. Republicans pooh-poohed the idea of Mulvihill's election. Many of them refused absolutely to take it seriously. The candidate made no speeches. Knowing him to be a poor man, a large number of friends sent him checks to aid him in his campaign, these aggregating about \$1,700. Mulvihill kept the checks until after election, then returned everyone of them, saying he was able to pay his own bills. His schedule of expenses filed after the election showed that he had expended \$470 in being elected.

Two days after his inauguration, surrounded by quantities of congratulatory letters which he had been unable to get time to read, besieged by friends who wanted to wish him well, Mulvihill sat in his office in the Bridgeport City hall and said to the New York Times reporter:

"I am not overcome by the importance of myself in this job. My head ain't swelled by it at all. But," and the speaker's eyelashes contracted and his face assumed a most serious tension, "what I feel most is the great responsibility of the work."

Mulvihill is an Irishman. There is absolutely no doubt about that. He looks it and he talks it. He was born in one of the Southern counties of Ireland just fifty-eight years ago. His father was a machinist, and his father gave the son the advantages of the meager school facilities available. The son aided the father in his work until he was over twenty years old, and then, like many other ambitious Irish boys of the time, he set sail for America.

At first the young immigrant was a day laborer in Massachusetts. In 1871 he went to Bridgeport, got a job as a stoker at the Wheeler & Wilson establishment, and there he had remained until just before the election. During all of that time he had worked fourteen hours a day, getting up to start the fires at 4:30 o'clock in the morning, and stopping work at 6 in the evening. During many of those years he worked for \$1.50 a day.

That same laboring man feels just as proud of his old work as he does of his present place in the Mayor's chair. He is still as simple, as unpretentious, as outspoken and as earnest as ever. He says that when his term as Mayor is over he will not return to his work as a stoker, but this only for the reason that he is getting old, and feels that his time is coming to retire from active labor.

Mulvihill's Irish brogue is irresistible. He has a philosophy of life distinctly his own, which he expresses in his own Irish way. It is an unacademic philosophy. "I have never read any books," he said. "All my reading has been of the newspapers. I have read them closely for thirty years. But I have associated with men, and I think I can size up my man pretty well."

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Bridgeport's Mayor is no sentimentalist. A fact is a very important thing to him, while a theory is very doubtful. He expresses his own ideas straight out from the shoulder, and he wants equal straight-forwardness in return. He does not think, he says, that many things are done in this world from unselfish motives, and that, sad as it may be, most men's principal object of concern is their pockets. He put this idea into practice when he was alderman, and they dubbed him "the watchdog of the treasury." He is very proud of that title.

"I think the greatest burden upon cities," he said, "is the creation of unnecessary offices for political favorites who do not want to work for their living."

Mulvihill is a splendid example of physical manhood. He stands about five feet eleven, and weighs some 200 pounds. His face is clean shaven, and this fact enables him to display a strikingly tenacious jaw and lips that compress closely. Determination is written upon his countenance unmistakably.

His dress is plain but neat. "I believe a man should always be neatly dressed," he expressed it. "Even when I worked in the factory I always dressed just as you see me now, I believe that a man should live economically, but that certain necessities of life he should not try to secure cheap."

Then he displayed a splendid gold watch, with a hunting case, to which was attached a heavy gold chain. This he exhibited with a pride resembling that a little girl shows over her best doll.

"I have had that watch for nineteen years," he said, "and it doesn't vary a minute a year. That chain is also of the very finest. It is worth fully \$60."

These treasures, he explained, were purchased with some of his earliest savings.

On the subject of municipal government Bridgeport's Mayor has no theories or dreams to realize. His ideas are extremely practical. The reporter put the question to him directly: "What do you propose to do as Mayor? What is the chief plan that you will attempt to work out?"

Mulvihill thought for a moment, and then said slowly and meaningly: "Well, the board of aldermen hasn't organized yet. There are a dozen committees that must be appointed before any work can be mapped out. But my own principal business will be to see to it that there are no unnecessary offices kept up. If I can find any that are not absolutely essential I will cut them off."

"What do you believe should be the chief end of municipal government—to do as much or as little governing as possible?"

"I think the city should keep out of things just as much as possible. A city should keep its streets clean, make its police and firemen active, and keep the records. I don't know that it should do much else. I think the idea of municipal ownership of gas works, water works, electric lights, and street railways is a good one, but the trouble is that politics would creep in, and political leaders would be wanting to secure offices for men who had no right to them. If I could be assured that there would be no politics in the management of these things I would be in favor of the city managing them. I believe that would be the most economical scheme. But I can't see how politics could be kept out."

The budget of Bridgeport amounts to about \$800,000, and Mayor Mulvihill says he intends to watch the expenditure of every cent of that money.

"I do not believe in agitation," he said, "I think men should be very careful of all they say and do. I take no stock in labor agitators. What the laboring man needs to do more than anything else is to leave liquor alone. That is what keeps laboring men poor—they drink too much. When I know that a man makes only a dollar and a half a day and see him in a saloon, I think he is the biggest idiot I can think of."

"What do you think of Richard Croker?" was asked.

"Well, I have watched Croker for many years, and he has puzzled me. I have never seen but one place where I could put my hand on the fact that he got any money from politics. That came out in the Lexow investigation, when

it was shown that Hugh J. Grant, soon after being elected Mayor, gave to Croker's daughter a present of several thousand dollars. But Grant was the little girl's godfather, and there is no satisfactory evidence that the gift was not an honest one. This was the only time that I could ever trace any money as having gone into Croker's hands from politics. Yet he is a rich man. I don't see how he got all his money. It is a mystery to me."



CALVE'S CHATEAU.

THE GREAT DIVA AT HER MOUNTAIN HOME.

WHILE I was making a "cure" last year at Lamalou, an obscure spa in the Cevennes Mountains (says Eliot Gregory in his volume "The Ways of Men," published by Charles Scribner's Sons,) Mme. Calvé, to whom I had expressed a desire to see her picturesque home, telegraphed an invitation to pass the day with her, naming the train she could meet, which would allow for the long drive to her *chateau* before luncheon. It is needless to say the invitation was accepted. As my train drew up at the little station, Mme. Calvé, in her trap, was the first person I saw, and no time was lost in getting en route.

During the hour passed on the poplar-bordered road that leads straight and white across the country, I had time to appreciate the transformation in the woman at my side. Was this gray-clad, nun-like figure the passionate, sensuous *Carmen* of Bizet's masterpiece? Could that calm, pale face, crossed by innumerable lines of suffering, as a spider's web lies on a flower, blase and pant with *Sapho's* guilty love?

Something of these thoughts must have appeared on my face, for, turning with a smile, she asked: "You find me changed? It's the air of my village. Here I'm myself. Everywhere else I'm different. On the stage I am any part I may be playing, but am never really happy away from my hill, there." As she spoke, a sun-baked hamlet came in sight, huddled around the base of two tall towers that rose cool and gray in the noonday heat.

"All that wing," she added, "is arranged for the convalescent girls whom I have sent down to me from Paris hospitals for a cure of fresh air and simple food. Six years ago, just after I had bought this place, a series of operations became necessary, which left me prostrated and anæmic. No tonics were of benefit. I grew weaker day by day, until the doctors began to despair of my life. Finally, at the advice of an old woman here who passes for being something of a curer, I tried the experiment of lying five or six hours a day, motionless, in the sunlight. It wasn't long before I felt life creeping back to my poor, feeble body.

"The hot sun of our magic south was a more subtle tonic than any drug. When the cure was complete, I made up my mind that each summer the same chance should be offered to as many of my suffering sisters as this old place could be made to accommodate."

The bells on the shaggy Tarbes ponies she was driving along the Languedoc Road drew, on nearing her residence, a number of peasant children from their play.

As the ruddy urchins ran shouting around our carriage wheels and scrambled in the dust for the sous we threw them, my hostess pointed laughing to a scrubby little girl with tomato-colored cheeks and tousled dark hair, remarking: "I looked like that twenty years ago and performed just those antics on this very road. No punishment would keep me off the highway. Those pennies, if I'm not mistaken, will all be spent at the village pastry cook's within an hour."

This was said with such a tender glance at the children that one realized the great artist was at home here, surrounded by the people she loved and understood. True to the "homing" instinct of the French peasant, Mme. Calvé, when fortune came to her, bought and partially restored the rambling *chateau* which at sunset casts its shadows across the village of her birth. Since that day every moment of freedom from professional labor and every

penny of her large income are spent at Cabrieres, building, planning, even farming, when her health permits.

"I think," she continued, as we approached the *chateau*, "that the happiest day of my life—and I have, as you know, passed some hours worth living, both on and off the stage—was when, that wing completed, a Paris train brought the first occupants for my twenty little bedrooms; no words can tell the delight it gives me now to see the color coming back to my patients' pale lips and hear them laughing and singing about the place. As I am always short of funds, the idea of abandoning this work is the only fear the future holds for me."

With the vivacity peculiar to her character, my companion then whipped up her cobs and turned the conversation into gayer channels. Five minutes later we clattered over a drawbridge, and drew up in a roomy court-yard, half blinding sunlight and half blue shadow, where a score of girls were occupied with books and sewing.

The luncheon bell was ringing as we ascended the terrace steps. After a hurried five minutes for brushing and washing, we took our places at a long table set in the cool, stone hall, guests stopping in the *chateau* occupying one end around the *chatelaine*, the convalescents filling the other seats.

Those who have only seen the capricious *diva* on the stage or in Parisian *salons* can form little idea of the proprietress of Cabrieres. No shade of coquetry blurs the clear picture of her home life. The capped and saboted peasant women who waited on us were not more simple in their ways. Several times during the meal she left her seat to inquire after the comfort of some invalid girl or inspect the cooking in the adjacent kitchen. These wanderings were not, however, allowed to disturb the conversation, which flowed on after the mellow French fashion, enlivened by much wit and gay badinage. One of our hostess' anecdotes at her own expense was especially amusing.

"When in Venice," she told us, "most *prima donnas* are carried to and from the opera in sedan-chairs to avoid the risk of colds from the draughty gondolas. The last night of my initial season there, I was informed, as the curtain fell, that a number of Venetian nobles were planning to carry me in triumph to the hotel. When I descended from my dressing-room, the court-yard of the theatre was filled with men in dress-clothes, bearing lanterns, who caught up the chair as soon as I was seated, and carried it noiselessly across the city to the hotel. Much moved by this unusual honor, I mounted to the balcony of my room, from which elevation I bowed my thanks, and threw all the flowers at hand to my escort.

"Next morning the hotel proprietor appeared with my coffee, and, after hesitating a moment, remarked: 'Well, we made a success of it last night. It has been telegraphed to all the capitals of Europe! I hope you will not think a thousand francs too much, considering the advertisement!' In blank amazement, I asked what he meant. 'I mean the triumphal progress,' he answered. 'I thought you understood! We always organize one for the "stars" who visit Venice. The men who carried your chair last night were the waiters from the hotels. We hire them on account of their dress-clothes!' Think of the disillusion," added Calvé, laughing, "and my disgust, when I thought of myself naively throwing kisses and flowers to a group of Swiss *garçon* at fifteen francs a head. There was nothing to do, however, but pay the bill and swallow my chagrin!"

How many pretty women do you suppose would tell such a joke upon themselves? Another story she told us is characteristic of her peasant neighbors.

"When I came back here after my first season in St. Petersburg and London, the *cure* requested me to sing at our local *fete*. I gladly consented, and, standing by his side on the steps of the *Mairie*, gave the great aria from 'The Huguenots' in my best manner. To my astonishment, the performance was received in complete silence. 'Poor Calvé,' I heard an old friend of my mother's murmur, 'her voice used to be so nice, and now it's all gone?' Taking in the situation at a glance, I threw my voice well up into my nose, and started off on a well-known provincial song, in the shrill *falsetto* of our peasant women. The

effect was instantaneous! Long before the end, the performance was drowned in thunders of applause. Which proves that to be popular a singer must adapt herself to her audience."

Luncheon over, we repaired for cigarettes and coffee to an upper room, where Calvé was giving Dagnan-Bouveret some sittings for a portrait, and lingered there until four o'clock, when our hostess left us for her *siesta*, and a "break" took those who cared for the excursion across the valley to inspect the ruins of a Roman bath. A late dinner brought us together again in a small dining-room, the convalescents having eaten their simple meal and disappeared an hour before. During this time, another transformation had taken place in our mercurial hostess! It was the Calvé of Paris, Calvé the witch, Calvé the *capiteuse*, who presided at the dainty, flower-decked table and led the laughing conversation.

A few strokes on a guitar by one of the party, as we sat an hour later on the moonlit terrace, were enough to start off the versatile artist, who was in her gayest humor. She sang us stray bits of opera, alternating her music with scenes burlesqued from recent plays. No one escaped her inimitable mimicry, not even the "divine Sarah," Calvé giving us an unpayable impersonation of the elderly tragedienne as *Lorenzaccio*, the boy hero of Alfred de Musset's drama. Burlesquing led her to dancing some Spanish steps with an abandon never attempted on the stage! Which in turn gave place to an imitation of an American whistling an air from "Carmen," and some "coon songs" she had picked up during her stay at New York. They, again, were succeeded by a superb rendering of the imprecation from Racine's "Camille," which made her audience realize that in gaining a soprano the world has lost, perhaps, its greatest tragedienne.

At eleven o'clock the clatter of hoofs in the court warned us that the pleasant evening had come to an end. A journalist en route for Paris was soon installed with me in the little omnibus that was to take us to the station, Calvé herself lighting our cigars and providing the wraps that were to keep out the cool night air.

As we passed under the low archway of the entrance amid a clamor of "adieu" and "au revoir," the young Frenchman at my side pointed up to a row of closed windows overhead. "Isn't it a lesson," he said, "for all of us, to think of the occupants of those little rooms, whom the generosity and care of that gracious artist are leading by such pleasant paths back to health and courage for their toilsome lives?"

SOULLESS OFFICIALISM.

BY H. CLAY NEVILLE.

THE strongest objection to the scheme of Socialism is that official machinery has always tended toward moral deadness on the part of its agents, as we have recently been reminded only too vividly in various ways. The best life is that which wears the least harness of authority.

When Thomas Jefferson said the best government governed least he uttered an eternal truth which the superstitious advocates of ponderous systems of political paternalism now try to construe as an axiom of anarchy. The conditions of society may be so changed that Jefferson's ideal of government can not now find the footing that was possible when men had more elbow-room for the play of their individual ambitions, but there is no reason to believe human nature will ever reach perfection by loading itself down with law. Legal forms will lose the spirit of their authors and become soulless machinery. It is as true in religion as in politics, and every spiritual genius has had to protest against the tyranny of creed petrified into heartless ceremony. When Jesus drove the money-changers out of the temple He felt a righteous loathing of the abuses of law. The whole life of the Son of Man was a supreme remonstrance against the idea of officialism. His doctrine was a divine individualism that sought to make every man who embraced it a law unto himself.

Institutional benevolence soon hardens into a perfunctory work unless new life is constantly added to the system by the acquisition of fresh hearts that have not been made callous in the machine service. The best charity is administered by individual hands, directed by individual hearts. The visit of a friendly neighbor is worth to a person in distress more than a whole delegation of official agents of sympathy.

The management of poor-houses and other State institutions of charity ought to admonish the Socialist not to expect the millennium as soon as the government puts a tag of paternalism on every man, woman and child in the Nation.

SPRINGFIELD, MO., Nov. 28th.

TRUTH ABOUT TRIGGS.

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

IT is necessary to have papers like the MIRROR in order that one may say something fair, honest and thoughtful about a lot men and things that the newspapers ridicule or overlook. Now I want to say something fair, honest and as thoughtful as I can about Triggs. That's what the reporters call him—just Triggs.

Everybody who knows how to read knows Triggs. He's the college professor who said that hymns are doggerel. For that he was lampooned, cartooned and vilified over all latitude and longitude. He said a great many things in explanation of his opinion about hymns, but the reporters didn't pay much attention to his explanations. They just grabbed off the sensational pronouncement and made the most and the worst of it. That's a way with newspapers and newspaper men.

But the worst slam ever aimed at Professor Triggs was the broadcast report that he had said that John D. Rockefeller, king of the Standard Oil monarchy and right tentacle of the boss octopus, was "greater than Shakspeare." It's extraordinary how that story stirred the "liter'y" world and what anathemas were forthwith hurled against the bowed but not worried head of poor Triggs. Because he happened to be a teacher in the University of Chicago, half the world believed that he had fallen down forever in adoration of the Standard Oil calf. "Philistine," "iconoclast," "neophyte," "upstart," were some of the tenderest epithets fired at him.

I was one of those who at first "lambasted" him and made jokes at his expense. But I have learned a few things from and about Prof. Triggs since the first days of his unsavory notoriety and herein I shall try to set them down.

In the first place, Prof. Oscar L. Triggs, of the University of Chicago, is a most modest as well as a very learned man. He doesn't know John D. Rockefeller and probably wouldn't go out of his way across the campus to inform the oil king that such a man as Triggs was alive and well. But he knows what Rockefeller has done for the University, which is one of the growing glories of the western United States, and, knowing, believes that it is the greatest work one man has ever done within a lifetime. Triggs does not underestimate Shakespeare. Perhaps he overestimates Rockefeller's deeds and desires to do further and better, but you must know Triggs before you can condemn him.

I heard him say one night: "It is better to make one beautiful chair that is a model of use and sightliness to the world than to think of something beautiful and merely write it in verse for the few." And speaking of a great artist and critic, he said: "I would not insult Ruskin by saying that he was merely a fine writer." And since I have brought Ruskin's hallowed name into the study of Prof. Triggs let me not omit saying that the Chicago Professor is a disciple of Ruskin, an ardent follower of that sage's expressed theories about the mission and destiny of the arts. He is a devotee of that aesthetic school of which Carlyle was the founder, Ruskin the apostle and William Morris the incarnation.

The artistry of crafts—the utility of beauty!

That phrase may help to epitomize the school to which Prof. Triggs belongs. Let us admit that Carlyle, in his vague, sinister way, muttering in the clouds, brought down from the upper Horeb of Art those yet cabalistic laws that stood for the unity of use and beauty. Certainly Ruskin elaborated these and at least exploited them for the chosen few. But Morris the poet, Morris the recluse, Morris the scholar, aristocrat and dreamer, made concrete the allegories of Carlyle and the preachments of Ruskin. He did that of which they mooned. "Ah, William Morris," sneered a learned wag "he's the poet-upholsterer!" And he was the poet-upholsterer and found glory and good in it. He made chairs in which the unlettered might sit and know that the form of things may have the symmetry of rhythm and music. He fashioned out of steel and iron things for the hearth and shop that were like messages from on high to men and women whose eyes and ears had not been trained to the remoter arts. He made a dog-iron beautiful, glorified the very pots and pans, and of a book made that which the hand and eye yearned for.

Perhaps he was the priest at the marriage of the arts and crafts. He was no longer content to think and say beautiful things. He did them. He was the first to bring the studio to the workshop. His smithy was an atelier of the artistry that is at the finger-tips of men who can neither draw, nor fiddle nor rhapsodize. His print-shop and his bindery became the vestry of all the kings and queens of song and story. His influence is living yet in every workshop where craftsmen love their work and the making of a thing does not end with the wage which cannot buy beauty unless it lies in the heart and hand of the earner.

Now all this talk about Morris may be better left out. Perhaps (and I hope so) the MIRROR readers know more of the "poet-upholsterer" and his forbears than I know. But I started out to say something fair and honest for Professor Triggs. He is a disciple of the Carlyle-Ruskin-Morris school. But he is more. He hates money, *per se*, and lives for his faith. Now comes he with a project that should disarm even his newspaper critics, those recurrent critics that hammer as gently and as interminably as the water on a rock. As leader of the Chicago Industrial Art League he is now about to establish a workshop and guild of artist-craftsmen the ultimate purpose of which is a modernization of even Morris' plan in that it is to make for a correction of the abuses of labor and help to solve the educational and artistic difficulties of the average craftsman.

As a nucleus of the movement a model guild and workshop is to be established in or near Chicago. Prof. Triggs, an enthusiast of the most unselfish qualities, is giving his time and money to the enterprise. He entertains no false hopes of remodeling the industrial world in his day or generation, but he is willing, even anxious, to help lay the foundation of a system that, he hopes, will bring about at least a partial solution of the problem of fetching education into the shops instead of waiting for the second growth and then offering education to the children of illiterate and hopeless parents.

One night he said to me: "I have often wondered why generous millionaires prefer to endow universities for the grandchildren of their employes rather than begin at the beginning and bring the universities to the toilers who helped to make their millions in the beginning." That is the key-note to Prof. Trigg's theories and actions. He believes that the present growth of manual-training schools as addenda to colleges and universities is a sign of the necessity for allying the workshop with the studio.

That is what he has to say about the proposed guild and workshop now being established in Chicago: "I am not sure that we will establish our first workshop within the city limits, although we have the site at Van Buren and Green streets offered by Mrs. Warren Springer. I am in favor of locating the workshop in the country, as it would perhaps be better to get away from the stress of the factory system.

"For the detailed organization of the workshop I contemplate a workshop fitted for practically all of the crafts,

with machines for wood work, metal work, potmaking and decorative ceramic work, weaving and all textile work. There would be fifteen master workmen—architect, decorator, sculptor, wood worker, metal worker, pattern-maker, glass worker, lathe worker, printer, illustrator, bookbinder, etcher, weaver, embroiderer and photographer. Associate with them would be a few scientists, a chemist and a physicist. Each master workman would be in charge of a group of workers in a department.

"Instead of a single proprietor or owner we would substitute the public. The profit to the public would work out in two directions; the prices of products would be reduced and the returns for the workers would be increased.

"This particular movement started three years ago with a company of artists, among them Julia Bracken and George Schreiber, who recognized the necessity for a workshop. It was taken up by E. P. Rosenthal and myself. Mr. Rosenthal has given up everything to promote this idea. Mrs. Springer and Frank O. Lowden have been our most generous contributors. We need \$100,000 for the workshop, and already have a considerable sum in sight."

For ten years Professor Triggs has had his general theory in reference to the advance of industrialism. The idea came to him in the study of American conditions for his lectures on American literature. Professor Triggs is the secretary of the Industrial Arts League and will have a considerable share in the active direction of the first workshop.

RELIGIOUS EMOTION.

A NEW DOCTRINE EXPLAINING BELIEF.

THIS season of the year, just after Thanksgiving, just before Christmas, not far from the beginning of Lent, is one in which a great many people give more than usually serious thought to matters of the soul—to religion, in other words. To all such there will be an interest of curiosity, at least, in the subject of a book recently issued in London, "The Hearts of Men," by Henry Fielding, and in a review in the London *Spectator* controverting Mr. Fielding's strange and somewhat new ideas concerning religious fundamentals. The book deals with religion as the author sees it existing in all men irrespective of their creed or persuasion. In his eyes, all faiths, in so far as they can be expressed in creeds, are equally false, while all religions, in so far as they are expressions of emotion, are alike true. There are, he thinks, certain religious instincts existing always, modified from time to time by circumstances and brain developments. Briefly, these instincts may be brought under three heads,—the instinct of confession, the instinct of prayer, and the instinct of sacrifice. To satisfy and explain these three fundamental cravings men have evolved a god or gods. In this inversion of the ordinary argument lies the key to Mr. Fielding's book, and he would have men go behind all their theories of the supernatural to what he considers the practice of true religion, which is "the cult of the emotions." This cult is, he believes, the highest exercise of which the mind of man is capable, and he should pursue it with all his might. To the common-sense questioner who asks, "Why?" he has only one answer to give,—in order that "he may fill his heart with beauty." Mr. Fielding's position is by no means that of the religious-minded agnostic. He does not say, "I do not know." He evidently believes that he does know, that he has discovered the secret of all the faiths, and found, moreover, in "the recognition and cultivation of the more beautiful instincts and emotions," that which all men seek,—"the great peace."

"Two and two make four everywhere but in religion," he complains,—an assertion which, if true, does not prove that all creeds are false, but simply illustrates the truth of the witty proverb lately quoted (or invented) by Mr. Herbert Paul in one of his essays, "You cannot compare four pounds of butter and four o'clock." It is not with Mr. Fielding's negations, but with his affirmations and exhorta-

tions that we are concerned. Is a man who studiously cultivates his religious emotions really pursuing the highest aim of which human nature is capable, and are the three emotions of which Mr. Fielding speaks after all the most worthy of cultivation? To the first question we would answer emphatically, "No." And with regard to the second question, in so far as the instincts of confession and sacrifice are concerned, we would reply that they are not by any means the highest instincts common to man,—unless by sacrifice we mean self-sacrifice, which Mr. Fielding plainly does not mean, and which, indeed, could hardly be considered an instinct at all. With regard to prayer, we are a little doubtful what our author implies by the word, seeing that he does not derive the desire to pray from the belief in a Being who hears the petition. If he is recommending a conscious formulation of instinctive moral, religious, and so God-seeking, aspirations, then, whatever word he may use, he is indeed inculcating one of the highest exercises of which the human mind is capable. If, on the other hand, he means nothing but the cultivation of emotion by means of ecstatic expression, this instinct does not appear to be worth the time to be wasted in its cultivation. This latter explanation appears to us the more likely one, because the aspiration theory is practically barred by Mr. Fielding's view of the relations of religion and conduct. The two have, he declares, very little to do with one another, though some people make the observance of rules of conduct part of their religion, just as others make the observance of sanitary laws. Of conscience as an elevating force very little is made in this book, except in so far as it impels men to confession. But surely if confession is to be cultivated without reference to moral improvement, it is not only not elevating, but is positively degrading. Good or bad, however, we are quite unable to agree with Mr. Fielding as to the universality of the instinct. "There is no emotion of the human heart," he declares, "so strong as this—the eminent necessity to tell some one. No one who has had much to do with crime can doubt it." But surely where crime is concerned the instinct of secrecy is much stronger; we should have thought no one who had had much to do with the administration of justice could doubt that. "What is it," he asks, "that we teach our children? Never do wrong? No; but when you have done wrong confess, for only so can you lift the burden from your heart. Confess! Confess!" We hope Mr. Fielding has not taught many children this horribly dangerous doctrine, because when they grow to be men and women, though they may well relieve an inferior conscience by confession, they cannot thus relieve the sufferings of those they have wronged. Confession, too, may prove as dangerous to the moral nature as perpetual poulting to the bodily. Any one who has had anything to do with children knows how too strong insistence on confession will make children go perilously near wrongdoing for the luxury of confessing their misdoings. We do not gather that this violent advocate of emotional religion would instigate confession to the person offended. Many men, he assures us, will confess to a stranger,—he himself has been the recipient of such confession. True, he adds, his penitents were Burmese; and one cannot help wondering whether, finding what a religious respect the white man had for the disclosure of evil deeds, some of these brown sinners did not draw on their imaginations at the same time as they relieved their consciences. The Roman Catholic Church, which has, Mr. Fielding argues, assimilated and made her own almost all the instincts of the human heart, encourages and commands auricular confession; but it would be a gross libel upon the Roman Catholic Church to suggest that she asks men to confess in order to give them the pleasure of telling, or, primarily, even in order to unburden their hearts. She requires of her penitents, before she allows them to confide in her at all, that they should believe that she possesses a delegated power to forgive sin, and she then absolves them to the intent that, being relieved of the burden of the past, they may enjoy greater freedom to do better in the future. Direct confession to God, as it is prac-

tised by Protestants and Mahomedans, Mr. Fielding regards as merely an expedient of the proud, who feel ashamed to confess to men, and are thus obliged to cultivate their emotions in secret. When we come to the cult of the sacrificial emotion we are brought face to face with a very fundamental instinct indeed, and, we should be inclined to say, with a very base one. Mr. Fielding describes for our edification a religious festival among coolies, at which a goat is sacrificed in a singularly cruel and revolting manner (a priest puts it to death with his teeth.) The emotion evinced by the worshipers simply testifies, we are told, to the existence of the religious instinct, while the priests make their little scientific theology to explain and apologize for this peculiar emotion. So arose sacrifice, the author explains, out of some hidden emotion in man's heart, for "man and his necessities are the eternal truths, and all his creeds are but framed by himself to minister to his needs." To people in any stage of civilization, he assures us, the sight of suffering and death is very attractive, and "if not witnessed too often or in wrong circumstances," such sights "are by no means brutalizing, but quite the reverse." Those who have little opportunity of looking upon such scenes "seek in art the stimulus they require."

It is difficult to write coolly of such a repulsive cult as Mr. Fielding dignifies by the name of religion. We hope his book may fall into the hands of all such as are in danger of being led away by the perilous delights of religious emotion. Religious emotions which bear no fruit either in faith or benevolence are better suppressed, and belong, like "the sacrificial instinct," to the category of savage survivals. Such emotions as are not inherently barren may, as Newman says, "condense within the soul and change to purpose strong;" but even these should be husbanded as a force, not wallowed in as a luxury. The highest instincts of religion take birth, as we believe, not amid the whirlwinds of emotion, but in the quiet recesses of conscience. Moved, no doubt, by the instinct of confession, Mr. Fielding confides to his readers that when, as a young man, he renounced his faith in Christianity, he was actuated, not so much by obedience to the dictates of his reason, as by his determination to be free—not to worship "a God who interfered." In a refusal to bear this interference, lies, we believe, the death-warrant of the true religious instinct; just as in submission to it lies the germ of faith. A determination to get quit of conscience is the destruction of the communication between the divine and the human which no "cult of the emotions" avails to re-establish.

DREAM MEADOWS.

BY FIONA MCLEOD.

GIRT with great garths of shadow,
Dim meadows fade in grey;
No moon lightens the gloaming,
The meadows know no day:
But pale shapes shifting
From dusk to dusk, or lifting
Frail wings in flight, go drifting
Adown each flowerless way.

These phantom-dreams in shadow
Were once in wild-rose flame;
Each wore a star of glory,
Each had a loved, sweet name:
Now they are nameless, knowing
Nor star nor flame, but going
Whither they know not, flowing
Waves without wind or aim.

But later, through the gloaming
The Midnight-Shepherd cries:
The trooping shadows follow,
Making a wind of sighs:
The fold is hollow and black;
No pathway thence, no track;
No dream ever comes back
Beneath those silent skies.

Holiday Handkerchiefs Of Every Degree of Cost or Elaborateness.

What is so Suitable as a Present to
Wife, Mother, Sister or Sweetheart.

And Handkerchiefs for the men were not overlooked in this great collection. If you have 5c or \$50.00 to spend, we can help you to spend it in fine Handkerchiefs. They are always appropriate, always useful, always acceptable. We note a few suggestive prices as indicative of what can be done for a little money.

We carry a large line of Ladies' all-linen white hemstitched Handkerchiefs, in all size hems, from **10c to 50c**

Men's fine all-linen dainty embroidered white hemstitched, one of the new patterns for this fall; come and see them at **50c**

A large and grand display of Men's all-linen white hemstitched hand-worked initial Handkerchiefs, in all style letters, put up in fine fancy boxes, at 6 for \$1.40, or, each, **25c**

Our line of Men's all-linen white hemstitched, hand-worked initials in exquisite designs, at **50c**

Men's finest and largest line of all-linen plain white hemstitched Handkerchiefs that we have ever displayed in all size cloths and hems, at **10c, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c, & \$1.00 ea**

Silk Initial Handkerchiefs, with fine hand-embroidered initials, in a large assortment of letters, from **25c to 75c.**

5,000 fancy Child's Handkerchief Boxes, with 6 fancy colored border hemstitched handkerchiefs, in each box—a box, **25c.**

Child's fancy Initial Handkerchiefs, 3 in a fancy Christmas box, for **25c.**

A flyer in Children's fancy colored border Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, 3 in a fancy box—special, **15c.**

The finest line of made-up Silk Mufflers we have ever shown at, each **\$1.00 to \$1.50.**

Men's White Hemstitched, all linen, six in a fancy box for **\$1.00.**

Square Mufflers, in all the new weaves of silk, in all colors, from **50c to \$5.00.**

Our line of Embroidered Scallops, Fancy Lace Edges, Embroidered Hemstitched; all selected with the greatest of care; can not be matched in value, at **25c.**

Fine Exquisite Patterns in Real Point Lace, also Duchess Lace Handkerchiefs; exclusive patterns; from **\$2.00 to \$25.00.**

We will display the finest line of fine embroidered Hemstitched, fine lace edges, scallop embroidered, Burnt-out Lace Effects in all the new novelties; from **50c to \$5.00.**

A novelty in a fine fancy Burnt-out effect that can not be found elsewhere; only **50c.**

We have placed on sale the grandest assortment of all Linen Embroidered Hemstitched, Swiss Embroidered Scallops, in all the latest styles and a large line of lace edges; all at **15c.**

You must see our line of all Linen Embroidered Hemstitched, wide and narrow lace edges, embroidered scallops; a large stock to select from; all at **10c.**

Gugent's

THE PENALTY OF NEGLECT.

BY RAY T. NATHAN.

“WELL, Nelson, you have fully earned your fourth stripe; twenty years of continuous service without a charge is a good record,” Praise from his superior was so unusual that Nelson flushed, while a glow of pleasure warmed his heart.

“Yes,” he mused later, when patrolling his beat, “in a few more years I shall retire and then—ah, what happiness my closing years will know.” Alluring visions of life with the little one—ah! the little one thriving and budding into a semblance of her mother; the dear one whom she had never known, whose life had paid the forfeit. What a happy selection he had made for a home up there among the Berkshire hills, far from contamination and vice, Why, she must be a woman now. How unfatherly he had acted all these years to allow mere written words to suffice him. But he would make amends. And he thought fondly of the dutiful stereotyped little missives nestling so near his heart. Duty was their keynote, and he recalled how the absence of affectionate and endearing terms hurt him; indeed, rebuked him sorely. For, reserved in intercourse though he was, he was a man of intense emotions, and the love he had felt for his dead wife had made the presence of his motherless babe unbearable. But he would atone for his apathy and coldness. His work and enviable record (a record that made him a power to be feared among evil-doers) should have second place after this.

How could she write differently? How could she surmise the happy future he was building for her, his little one—his heart's ease. And with these reflections uppermost in his mind, he shrank, innured as he was to such scenes, with repugnance from two bejewelled, painted creatures wrangling with a cabman, who adjusted their difference, however, without his intervention.

Suddenly from out of the whirl of Broadway, rose a hue and cry as a mass of shrieking, tumultuous humanity surged towards him, aristocratic men and women and denizens of the slums in juxtaposition. On came the pursued. A frail, delicate creature, her girlish lineaments already marred by dissipation. Fleet of foot, outdistancing her pursuers by a hundred yards, she rushed on until she caught sight of Nel-

son, when she stopped short, while a look of terror blanched her face.

“Oh, God! not him—not him,” she shrieked, warding Nelson off blindly with clinched, uplifted hands. “I’ve fought shy of him for many a day!” and with a frenzied, despairing effort she leaped by him.

With one powerful grip Nelson caught her. The crowd, augmented and reinforced by every pitiless human flotsam eddying near this whirlpool of misery, were close upon them.

With an agonized movement the girl essayed to free herself from Nelson’s vice-like grip. Suddenly she wrenched an arm free, and throwing it about his neck, whispered hoarsely: “For God’s sake, father, let me go! I’ve deceived you for many years, when you thought me safe among the Berkshire hills!” For one terrible moment Nelson gazed into her eyes and read the truth. An awful blackness overcame him, and his stiffening fingers relaxed their hold; dimly he saw his dead wife’s face. Suddenly his superior’s words of the morning penetrated his numbed senses. He nerved himself for a powerful effort: duty, duty first.

His grip tightened on the writhing, fainting creature, now almost kneeling in the grime and dust at his feet. He stooped as if to raise her; he could feel her hot breath. Her pursuers were close upon them. “For, for my mother’s sake,” she faltered. Nelson grew white to the very lips, then gritting his teeth hard while his breath came in quick, short gasps, he hoarsely murmured: “Go, go and let me never look upon you again!” Fleet as a deer, the girl sprang up and vanished.

His limbs trembled beneath him, his brain seemed ready to burst. Suddenly he was aware of a derisive jeer, followed by the shrill tones of a hard-featured and cruel-eyed woman with bared head and hair flying to the breeze. “You, you,” she panted, pointing a scornful finger at Nelson. “I’ll have you broke for this! She’s a thief and worse. You’re in league with and in the pay of such as she!” Cheer upon cheer rent the air, as the ever volatile mob turned its attention to the shrill-voiced virago. Her associates, however, led her from the scene, and the congested street took on its normal aspect. Only Nelson, rigid and erect, with muscles tense and drawn, was left.

“Nelson, this is a bad business; grave charges have

been lodged against you,” but Nelson did not answer his superiors. Only his knotted hands were seen to tremble, as he laid his shield and accoutrements upon the desk, and silently and slowly left the old familiar place.

From Vogue.

MUST PAY FOR HUSBAND’S CLOTHES.

BY ETHEL C. AVERY.

THE Supreme Court of Illinois has just decided that a wife in that State is liable for her husband’s debts. The statute on which this decision is based reads as follows: “The expenses of the family and of the education of the children shall be charged upon the property of both husband and wife, or either of them, in favor of the creditors thereof, and in relation thereto they may be sued jointly or separately.”

The case that was appealed to the Supreme Court related to a tailor’s bill. A man had bought a \$150 suit of clothes and had paid only \$50 on it. The tailor brought suit to compel his wife to pay the remaining \$100. The court holds that she must pay.

The court had to define the meaning of “family expenses.” The decision is that the statute “applies to the expenses of the family without limitation or qualification as to the kind or amount, and without regard to the wealth, habits, or social position of the party; the goods purchased by the husband for his individual use and used by him exclusively constitute a family expense.” Under this ruling, a wife may be compelled to pay her husband’s bills for liquor and cigars,—in fact, almost any bills he may choose to incur.

It is often said that if women were allowed to vote they would lose the legal privileges they now possess, of which the principal one is a wife’s right to be “supported” by her husband, and freedom from legal liability to support him. If the Illinois decision had been given in Colorado, it would have been quoted everywhere as due to the malignant influence of equal suffrage. But as a matter of fact, there is no equal suffrage State in which the property laws have been made less favorable to women because the women themselves are able to vote on them. In none of those States can a husband compel his wife to pay for his clothes.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TOO MUCH MISTER.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

What do you think of this rapidly spreading practice among men of painstakingly employing the title Mr. when speaking or writing of themselves? Visiting cards, and the newspaper advertisements containing the long string of clerks that have secured jobs every time a big jewelry house sells out or fails, are good illustrations, but the matter is probably most noticeable at present in the use of the telephone, when one almost invariably hears: "Is that you Mr.—? well this is Mr.—"

I notice that men of the old school do not take to this fad (for that is all it is) very well; while the vealy ones never miss a chance, and daily beardless youths are saying over the telephone to people who have nursed, taught or spanked them: "this is Mr.—." I never had much use for Thomas Jefferson, but on this subject I have the same views that he would have were he here to-day.

According to my observation this custom had its beginning here in 1894. The opening of the Union Trust Building Roof Garden, in the summer of that year, was, of course, freely advertised, and I recollect distinctly how the dead-wall posters, newspaper notices, in fact every printed announcement of the event, without a single exception stated that same was under the management of Mr. E. J. Henley. At that time the "Mr." thus employed was a striking novelty which no one could fail to notice, and as it was not confined solely to paid ads, but also appeared in squibs, criticisms, etc., it was perfectly clear that the late E. J. H. had taken extraordinary pains in the matter by writing copy for ads himself, coaching reporters, proof readers, etc.

If you think this subject worthy of notice in your columns I would like to hear from you, and if so I hope I will find that you entertain the same contempt for this snob-bis h practice that I do.

Yours truly,

X. X. X.

The Editor of the MIRROR thinks the custom is older than "Ted" Henley. And there

seems nothing particularly snobbish in the use of "Mr." complained of.

HAVE ANIMALS SOULS?

To the Editor of the Mirror:

In a recent issue of the MIRROR, "Melchisedech," in commenting upon an article by you, makes the assertion that "Man is composed of body and soul." We infer from this that "Melchisedech" considers the soul, the spirit and the life all one and the same. If such is to be understood, his assertion only conforms with the dicta of many lexiconists; but it lends affirmative material to the argument that animals have souls. If life is the soul then everything possessing life possesses a soul. Some lexiconists say that life is the spirit, and then go on to say the spirit is the soul. Hence, all are one. Then animals have life, the spirit and the soul.

Again, some one has defined soul as "the spiritual, rational and immortal substance in man which enables him to think and reason." Accepting this, we must admit that it is possible for a man to live without a soul. The idiot has not this power of thinking and reasoning, hence he is without a soul—he is born without one. According to this lexiconist idiots and animals are equal and soul-less. Are we then to admit that some humans live without souls and that the flight of the soul sometimes precedes death, or that life is the soul? If we admit to the latter, animals have souls.

Charles Alma Byers.

IRONTON, MO., Nov. 23, 1901.

THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

BY J. T. K. (M. 23rd. Inf.)

The Philippines are a bunch of trouble, death and destruction gathered together on the western horizon of civilization.

The climate is a combination of electrical charges adapted to raising hell. The inhabitants are very industrious, the chief occupation being trench-building, giving poisoned water to American soldiers, making bolos and knives and reloading Remington cartridges. The amusement for the male sex are cock-fighting, theft and cheating; for the female to catch an American soldier bathing, get between him and his clothes and remain there until they are obliged to go away.

Their diet consists of raw-fish, dried snails and grasshoppers, boiled rice, stewed rice, fried rice, rice. The rivers are serpentine in their courses, the water running in a manner contrary to all known laws of nature. The principal exports of the Islands are sick soldiers, and contagious diseases. The principal imports are American soldiers, arms, ammunition, rum, beer and tobacco. Malaria is so common that on numerous occasions the Islands have been seized by a chill. Manila, the capital and principal city, is situated on Manila Bay, a large land-locked body of water, full of filth, sharks and sub-marine boats which the United States Government has forgotten to raise. Cavite, the next city of importance, is noted for its natural facilities for a naval station and its large number of saloons and chinos. The towns are aggregations of shacks, full of filth, fleas, cur dogs and corruptions. The dogs, cats, chickens, pigs and monkeys, bed-bugs, lice and family all sleep together on terms of equality. The Philippine Islands would be an appropriate present to give a deadly enemy. The native is a friend at the point of the bayonet. The climate is pleasant and healthy for tarantulas, roaches,

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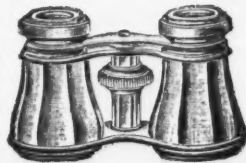
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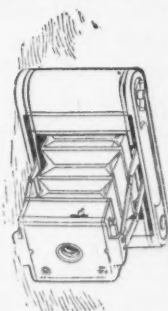
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scorpions, centipedes, snakes and alligators. The soil is adapted to raising foul odors and breeding diseases, and the Islanders in general are a God-forsaken, cannibalized, Aguinaldo-infected blot on the face of God's green earth.

LAST WEEK'S CONCERTS.

The Choral Symphony Society and the Apollo Club formally opened the musical season last week. The Choral society did the Verdi "Requiem Mass" in splendid style, as far as chorus and orchestra were concerned. The chorus seems larger than last year and apparently the vigilant Mr Griffith has succeeded in keeping much of the useless, if not harmful, material of former seasons out of it. Perfect balance has not yet been attained, but the volume of tone, the sureness and precision of the choral work is most gratifying. Mr. Ernst, too, deserves much credit for some exceptionally good work with the orchestra. The men had evidently been thoroughly drilled, and, when not compelled to skip beats and bars in a chase after refractory soloists, did very careful and effective work.

In the choice of soloists the society was most unfortunate. With the exception of Miss Ringen, who sang superbly, the work of the quartette was abominable. The soprano, who exhibited a clear, strong voice, seemed utterly devoid of musical sense. Her crude phrasing and lack of shading, destroyed the meaning of text and music and the persistent *orte* got on one's nerves to a degree that made her work painful.

The tenor sang in a small, white voice, which he labored and strained to produce whenever the exigencies of the score took him above the staff. A London importation, named Whitney Tew, was billed as the basso. In his case criticism is futile. There is nothing to criticize. The nauseating noises that issued from his throat can hardly be called vocal tones and, apparently, time and rhythm, are terms of the meaning of which he is entirely ignorant. Mr. Tew has no excuse whatever for appearing before an audience in the capacity of a vocalist.

Miss Ringen's work was the one redeeming feature of this quartette. Her singing in the solo parts was a delight. She showed a comprehensive grasp of her subject, and brought all the wealth of her exceptional gifts and polished art to bear on it. In the concerted numbers one could but sympathize with her; the *gaucherie* and ignorance of the other singers made anything approaching ensemble work an impossibility.

Gregory Hast, at the Apollo Club concert, was a disappointment. He, also, is a London product, though not to be classed with the abomination who appeared at the Choral Symphony concert. Mr. Hast has ideas of interpretation, but his colorless voice is insufficient in power and compass to enable him to fully carry them out. Beethoven's "Adelaide," in Italian, proved to be beyond his capacity. He was better in lighter ballads. The Club's work at this concert was highly creditable.

Mr. Wm. Walsh, founder of the Merrick, Walsh & Phelps Jewelry Co., desires to inform his friends that he is now connected with the J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust streets.

He: "Why couldn't you be obliging when that man who sat behind you in the theatre asked you to remove your hat?" She: "The idea! Why, my hat cost a dozen times as much as his seat!"

SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust. Mrs. D. W. Marmaduke has come back from Canada.

Mrs. A. B. Rust has returned from a trip to Kentucky.

Mrs. Paul Bakewell is entertaining Mrs. Walsh of St. Paul.

Dr. and Mrs. William Burritt have returned from New York.

Mrs. Azby Chouteau, formerly Miss Cora Baker, is visiting St. Louis friends.

Judge Warwick Hough and family have apartments at the Monticello, for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Griesedeck, have taken apartments at the Southern for the winter.

Miss Florence York and Miss Bertha Turner have postponed their visit to Fort Leavenworth.

Mrs. and Miss Wheelless have been entertaining Mrs. Judge John W. Childress, of Nashville, Tenn.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Wissinghan closed their Forest Park Boulevard home and are wintering at the Monticello.

Mrs. Samuel Nelson Crawford, of Chicago, who was visiting Mrs. Geo. W. Flersheim, has returned to Chicago.

Mrs. B. B. Willis, of Vicksburg, Miss., and Mr. and Mrs. Lee Richardson, are visiting Dr. and Mrs. William Eggleston, of Cabanne.

Mrs. Adolphus Busch will entertain, this afternoon, in honor of Mrs. August Busch, of Paris, who is spending the winter in St. Louis.

Mrs. R. E. Woodward and Miss Elizabeth Woodward, who have been in Europe with Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stuart, have returned to the city.

Mrs. Calvin Lightner returned, last Saturday, from Seymour, Ind., where she served as matron of honor at her friend, Miss Dickinson's, wedding.

On Saturday evening, Miss Liebke, of West minister place, entertained in honor of Misses Florence and Emily McAllister, of New York, with a dinner party.

Mr. and Mrs. James Arbuckle entertained, last Friday evening, Senor Don Carlos Martinez, Minister from Colombia to the United States, with a dinner followed by a box party at the opera.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Chauvenet, of Cabanne, entertained with a musicale, on Monday evening. Mr. Herbert Witherspoon, the New York basso, rendered many good numbers accompanied by Mr. Alfred Robyn.

Mrs. J. H. Dieckman gave a tea, on Monday afternoon, assisted by her daughter, Miss Julia Dieckman, in honor of the Misses McAllister, of New York, and Miss Rosenegk, of Virginia. Assisting Mrs. Dieckman and Miss Dieckman, were Misses Hallie and Phoebe Bayle, Pauline Gehner, Estelle Kupferle, and Edna and Amy Lammert.

Miss Paul Brown gave a luncheon at the St. Louis Club, last week, in honor of Misses Florence and Emily McAllister, of New York. The guests were Misses Hallie and Phoebe Bayle, Rena and Iva Dula, Carrie Cook and Byrd Jourdan. The Misses McAllister were also entertained with a dinner by Miss Liebke, on Saturday.

On Sunday evening Mrs. Frank Wright, of 3414 Pine street, gave a tea for both ladies and gentlemen in honor of Miss Shaw, of the "Ben Hur" Company. Mrs. J. L. D. Morrison and Mrs. Ashley D. Scott assisted. Miss Tompkins served punch, Miss May Scott poured coffee, and Mrs. Wayman Cushman served frappe. Among those present were Messrs. and Mesdames John O'Fallon Delaney, Eugene Carr, D. M. Houser, Charles Farrar, John McNair, Ed. Gorman, Arthur Finlay, George Dupont, Clark Carr, Paul Bakewell, Misses Sophie Sloan, Marie Peugnet, Clara Bain, Messrs. Henry Kent, George Beakey, Edgar Floyd-Jones, J. J. Corkery, Pierre Clautice, George Hartnett, George Loker.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Wickham will give a ball at Mahler's this evening, for their daughter, Miss Emily Wickham, and this afternoon there will be two teas, one for the Misses Babler, of El Dorado, Mo., at the Planters, and the other Mrs. Trueman Post Riddle and Miss Riddle. Mrs. J. B. Widen will entertain at cards this afternoon. The Fortnightly Club will give their fourth dance at Mahler's, Friday evening, Dec. 6th. On Friday afternoon Mrs. John A. Lee will give a tea for her daughter, Miss Virginia Lee, and Mrs. Robert Atkinson will give a luncheon in honor of Mrs. Harrison Steedman. On Saturday afternoon a reception will be given to Mrs. Maria I. Johnston, by the ladies of the Chart Club, at the Berlin Hotel, and Mrs. D. R. Powell will give a tea in honor of Miss Mae Carson, of Los Angeles, Cal., who is visiting Miss Evadne Rumsey. Tuesday, Dec. 10th, the Young Ladies Auxiliary will give a ball at Mahler's, and in the morning the ten o'clock musical will be enter-

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tained by Miss Newell. Wednesday, Dec. 11th, Mrs. H. M. Starkloff will receive at the Union Club, and in the evening the first ball of the Cotillion Club will be given at Mahler's. This function will take the form of a german, which will be led by Mr. Henry Lackland. The chaperones are Mesdames John D. Davis, George L. Allen, McKittrick Jones, Edmund Wickham, James L. Blair, Ephron Catlin, Oscar Herf and Edward Malinckrodt. Thursday, December 12, the Confederate Memorial Society will give their ball at Mahler's, with Miss Mildred Lee, of Virginia, and General Joe Wheeler's two daughters as guests of honor. On Friday, December 13th, Mr. and Mrs. Corwin H. Spencer will give a large evening reception. The Colonial Club will give a ball at the Odeon, and Mr. and Mrs. Ephron Catlin will give a ball for Miss Emily Catlin, at Mahler's, Monday 16th. The Imperial will give a ball at Mahler's, Wednesday December 18th. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Johnson will give a ball at the St. Louis Club, in honor of their debutante daughter, Miss Mary Francis Johnson. In

Christmas week, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Davis will give a ball, after the Yale concert, in honor of the Yale men.

A remarkable story is going the rounds of the English papers with regard to General Sir Ian Hamilton's spectacles. It appears that General Hamilton lost a pair of spectacles in the Battle of Majuba Hill. They were apparently picked up by a Boer whom they suited, and who kept them for twenty years. In the early part of the present year the spectacles were found on the body of a dead Boer. The case had General Hamilton's name on it, and the glasses were in due course returned to their original owner. This find is nothing compared with that of a St. Louisian who went all around the world looking for a shoe neat, comfortable, durable and at a moderate price, and didn't find what he wanted till he came back and bought a pair of shoes at Swopes. Swopes is at 311 North Broadway, St. Louis, U. S. A.



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NEW BOOKS.

"Up and Down The Sands of Gold," by Mary Devereux, is one of the most intricate, impossible stories imaginable, although everyone of the scenes is old and the theme is worn threadbare. There are many attempts made at "fine writing," but these are likewise devoid of any originality and—Miss Devereux has written much better stories than this one. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass.)

"A Frigate's Namesake," a story for the young folks, by Alice Balch Abbott, is told in quite a simple manner, yet is very interesting. Boys and girls, alike, will appreciate this book. The former will greatly admire *Essex*, the heroine, because of her love for all things pertaining to ships and other maritime affairs, the latter, because of her winsome ways, her many womanly characteristics. George Varian's illustrations enhance the charm of the story not a little, for they carry out, to a nicety, the mental picture conveyed by the author's description of *Essex*. Although by no means a religious book, the impression left after its perusal is decidedly a wholesome one, and were all boys and girls taught to be as unselfish as is Miss Abbott's heroine, the world would indeed be a bright and happy sphere. (The Century Co., New York.)

"Little Pilgrimages Among the Men who have Written Famous Books," by E. F. Harkins, acquainting one with the personal or social as well as with the professional side of the various authors' lives, is set forth in a very pleasing style. One feels in closer touch with these authors after Mr. Harkins' introduction. Readers desiring to know more of General Lew Wallace, F. Marion Crawford, William Dean Howells, Mark Twain and other popular writers and their works will appreciate this volume, even if it does contain a little too much hero-worship. (L. C. Page & Co., publishers, Boston Mass.)

"The Mulligans," by Edward Harrigan, is simply a condensation into story form of the Irish-American plays by the same author, plays which Mr. W. D. Howells once urged upon us as true literature—"The Mulligan Guards," "Cordelia's Aspirations," "Squatter Sovereignty," etc. They were good plays, deliciously true, exquisitely humorous. Who doesn't remember the quaint charm of Dave Braham's music and Harrigan's words that held the country captive just as rag-



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time does to-day? To try to read the plays as turned into this story is not wise, if you knew the plays. It will make you sad. Mr. Harrigan, or whoever has done this thing, has not done well. The charm has gone beyond recall. Still, to those who never saw Harrigan and Hart and Jennie Yeamans and others in the plays, "The Mulligans" may convey something of the humor and broad fun and pathos that Harrigan found in the New York Irish of a few years ago. What is said of "Ned" Harrigan's "novel" applies also to the "novelization," by Richard Golden and Mary C. Francis, of the play of "Old Jed Prouty." The novel devitalizes the material of the play. Both these books are published by Dillingham, New York.

Mr. Lewis C. Strang, who has recently submitted his second series of "Famous Actors of the Day," recounts in his usual entertaining manner, the successes and failures of the more prominent actors of the past two seasons. His criticisms are, as in "Famous Actress of the Day," comprehensive and minute. In one instance only, does he err in his judgment or, at least, in but one instance does he widely differ from other noted critics, and in this he makes a statement which, considering the many con-

trary expressions, renders his opinion almost ridiculous. He asserts that Nat C. Goodwin's presentation of the "The Merchant of Venice" was the best balanced performance of that drama he ever saw. But then, maybe, Mr. Strang never saw such eminent actors as Edwin Booth or Sir Henry Irving in their portrayal of the Jew. Or was the assertion a bit of irony? Notwithstanding this one flaw, the intelligent reader will appreciate the author's clear elucidation of other characters and plays and pronounce this last of his series a book well worth the reading. (L. C. Page & Co., publishers, Boston, Mass. Price, \$1.50.)

"Caleb Wright," a story of Western life, by John Habberton, is narrated with a faint but not unpleasing echo of the spirit that in-

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formed "Helen's Babies" of old. *Philip Sommerton* is left a fortune by an old uncle out West, with only one proviso in the will: that the beneficiary must share his wealth with *Caleb Wright* as long as *Caleb* lives. *Philip* marries a young working-girl, of New York, and then moves to his new possessions. They find *Caleb* a very capable manager and their home life is a very happy one. *Caleb* is a good friend to everyone but himself and never realizes his possibilities until he goes East and makes the acquaintance of a former chum of *Mrs. Sommerton*, *Mary Truett*. Then love works wonders in him and, in the end, he and his New York girl marry. It is a faithful story of back-country life, with some pathos, a suggestion of hardship, and a deal of genial humor interspersed throughout that holds the reader's interest. (Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.)

NEW MUSIC.

A batch of new music, received by courtesy of the Thiebes-Stierlin Music Company, from the G. Schirmer, Jr., publishing house, of Boston, contains some good songs and piano pieces. Three drinking songs, by Clough Lighter, entitled "Wassail," "Ave Vinum" and "Heel-tap" are good specimens of the robust song genre. The "Wassail or Yeoman's Drinking Song," especially excels in martial, manly melody and is written to very good accompaniment. The other two are also very good and a glance shows

that they were written by a musician who has harmony and form at his fingers' ends.

Three "Cavalier Songs," by F. F. Bullard, entitled "Swords Out For Charlie," "English Jacobite War Song" and "Nottingham Hunt," are well written and singable and should be in the repertoire of all good baritones. A wild impetuous and irresistible spirit of courage gives these war songs a thrilling and dramatic character.

Two love duets, one by Kellie and the other by Lidgey, are conventional but pretty and effective.

Some piano pieces by Whelpley, entitled "In A Garden," "Serenade" and "Will O' the Wisp," are nicely written, tuneful and pleasing and will make an acceptable addition to the stock of any teacher as they have nice effects and are not difficult. The "Serenade" is very attractive and graceful. "In A Garden" is a Nocturne of the romantic order. The "Will O' the Wisp" is good save for a rather forced middle movement.

Florence Maxim has gotten out ten very attractive tonal fancies for children. The illustrations and original title verses will add no little to the charm of these sketches which are at once well written, clever and interesting.

The \$100 diamond solitaire rings we have just mounted in our own factory, where only expert designers and diamond setters are employed, are by far the best value ever offered. Mermod & Jaccard, Broadway and Locust.

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LAUS VENERIS.

A picture by Burne-Jones.

Pallid with too much longing,
White with passion and prayer,
Goddess of love and beauty,
She sits in the picture there,—

Sits with her dark eyes seeking
Something more subtle still
Than the old delights of loving
Her measureless days to fill.

She has loved and been loved so often
In her long, immortal years,
That she tires of the worn-out rapture,
Sickens of hopes and fears.

No joys or sorrows move her,
Done with her ancient pride;
For her head she found too heavy
The crown she has cast aside.

Clothed in her scarlet splendor,
Bright with her glory of hair,
Sad that she is not mortal,—
Eternally sad and fair.

Longing for joys she knows not,
Athirst with a vain desire,
There she sits in the picture,
Daughter of foam and fire.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

OUR UNIT OF VALUE.

The real, actual unit of value in the United States is the silver quarter. The dime is out of place. In the bar you get two drinks for a quarter. One cigar for 10 cents seems plebeian, so you take two for a quarter. In the restaurant you are ashamed to give the waiter a 10-cent tip and cannot afford to give him a quarter, but moral cowardice drives you to let him have the quarter. The quarter is the most beautiful silver coin in the world. It is of the most convenient size. Mix up a lot of dimes, nickels and copper cents in your pocket and your sense of touch balks at distinguishing between them. You must haul out a handful of "chicken feed" for visual identification. A quarter you can tell from anything by the "feel." A half dollar is too much like the gold eagle.

If the Government will restore the Pine Tree shilling it will save many of us finan-

cially and morally. The shilling of New York and North Carolina is what we need in the shape of a subsidiary coin. It was worth 12½ cents. When two of anything are worth a quarter the charge for one is 15 cents. With a 12½-cent piece we would save 2½ cents every time we made such a purchase. A 15-cent piece would be in the way. We tried a 20 cent piece for three years and retired it because it was too nearly the size of the quarter. In the rush of business it was often worked off for the quarter. The 5-cent nickel is fit only for paying fares on elevated roads and surface lines. Copper cents are useful for buying newspapers and fooling women into the belief that they are securing tremendous bargains at 99 cents. Yes; this two-for-a-quarter business is an outrage. Give us a coin to halve the quarter—eight to the dollar. Then see us lay up treasure.—*New York Press.*

Mr. Chas. A. Waugh, thirty years with the E. Jaccard Jewelry Co., has installed and is now in charge of an up-to-date stationery department at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust street.

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OPERA.

MAID MARIAN.

If the "sequel to Robin Hood," now being done at the Century, achieves more than a very moderate success, De Koven and Smith and "The Bostonians" have to thank Grace Van Studdiford for it. Her personal success in the Bostonians' latest venture is of the "triumph" description. It is of the kind that makes a "star" of an unknown player. Alice Nielsen's "Serenade," Blanche Bates, "Under Two Flags," or any other of the sensational "hits" of the past few years, have not been more emphatic and unequivocal than that made by Grace Van Studdiford as *Maid Marian*. It is the one thing that makes this continuation of "Robin Hood" possible for New York.

The role gives Mrs. Van Studdiford the first genuine "opportunity" of her brief stage career and she makes the most of it. Singing so excellent, and so brilliantly effective, is unknown in the sphere of light opera. The music lies high and is often of florid character and Grace Van Studdiford addresses herself to it with an earnestness and an absence of fakery truly refreshing. Intelligence and good taste, combined with a voice beautiful in quality, all-sufficing in power and compass, and thoroughly under

control, make her vocal work delightful. Then, too, her beauty is of the "stunning" sort, and she has ease and confidence of bearing. The new prima donna will probably carry the opera to success.

As for the work itself there is little to be said. The music is hash. And all the seasoning possible, in the way of inflated orchestration or bombastic ensembles, will not disguise "Robin Hood," "Foxy Quiller" and half a dozen other operettas, cut up into little bits and re-dressed under the title of "Maid Marian." Due allowance being made for this, and absolutely not ten consecutive bars of new music expected, De Koven's work is enjoyable. There are a pretty "hunter's chorus," the march of the crusaders, an effective quintette in act first, the brilliant "snake charmer's song" a harmonious duet for *Robin* and *Marian* entitled "True Love is not for a Day," a taking "Cellarer's Song," sung by *Will Scarlet*, and many other pleasant numbers. What they were called before their present titles were bestowed on them is not necessary to say here; a visit to the Century this week will enable any one familiar with recent comic opera to place them all without difficulty.

In the book, Harry B. Smith has done his deadliest. The story lacks interest and the lines are utterly devoid of humor. Whatever fun there is, is manufactured by the Messrs. Barnabee and Frothingham, and its very hard work at that.

However, the piece is so splendidly presented, scenically and sartorially, and the "famous originals" are so likeable and are surrounded by such pleasant and capable people that one feels inclined to overlook its shortcomings and uncritically enjoy one's self.

Henry Clay Barnabee, the operatic Methuselah, who is apparently so old that he can grow no older and so takes a backward turn, is quite a sprightly *Sheriff of Nottingham*. W. H. Macdonald changes not a whit and is the same imposing *Little John* of the first "Robin Hood" days.

Albert Parr, the present *Robin Hood*, is a finely equipped comic opera tenor. He is a handsome, dashing-looking fellow, with enough voice for comic opera needs, and a high C to spare. Mr. Parr is most exuberantly active, and darts about the stage, sings wildly and rattles his glittering tin armor in truly tenoristic fashion.

Allen Hinckley, Adele Rafter, Josephine Bartlett, the funny Frothingham and Jack Martin, of Delmar Garden fame, go to round out a fine cast. The chorus adds much to the generally pleasant effect, and then there is Grace Van Studdiford, and Grace Van Studdiford and Grace Van Studdiford evermore.

AT MUSIC HALL.

"Aida," spectacularly staged, well sung and acted, holds the stage this week. It is a performance that merits patronage but, apparently, the public refuses to see it that way for only a small audience heard the opening performance.

Mr. Gordon deserves all manner of credit for the plucky way he stepped into the breach made by Mr. Avedona's illness, and sang *Rhadames* without a complete rehearsal. His reading of the score and the management of his superb voice further demonstrated the fact that he is one of the best if not the first American tenor of to-day.

Miss Lichter made an effective *Aida*, Miss Graham's magnificent *Amneris* aroused

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immense enthusiasm, Alberti's *Amonasro* is a study in make-up and acting, and W. H. Clark's *High Priest* is as impressive as ever.

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THEATRICALS.

Hall Caine's now famous play, "The Christian," will appear at the Century, beginning Sunday evening, December 8th. This drama is too well known to need extended mention. Liebler and Company's production will be a magnificent spectacular attraction and will introduce Edward J. Morgan, of the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, as a star. Elsie Leslie will essay the role, Glory Quayle. The scenic effects and stage equipment are conspicuous for artistic beauty and accuracy and the costumes rich and tasteful.

"San Toy" with its pretty music and dancing, charming girls and clever comedians will be the attraction at the Olympic, the week beginning December 8th. The play is in two acts: a street in Pynka Pong, the one, the Emperor's Palace the other. The book is by Edward Morton, the

music by Sidney Jones, and the lyrics by Harry Greenbank and Adrian Ross, and additional music numbers by Lionel Monkton. Some of the musical gems are "Rhoda Who Ran a Pagoda," "The Lady's Maid," "The Maid in the Moon," and the "Umbrella Dance." The color effects in the costumes, it is said, are incessantly changing and always exquisite. The Chinese girls in soft silks of blue, with handsome embroidery, in delicate shades of orange, gold and old rose, look very charming. The piece will be presented by the Augustin Daly Musical Company, which is rich in names well and favorably known upon the light opera stage, in the same elaborate manner as seen at Daly's Theatre, New York, during the greater part of last season.

The performers at the Germania Theatre, Sunday evening were greeted with a large and enthusiastic audience. "Heydemann und Sohn" a play picturing the life of the middle class Ger-

man, was the offering. Mr. Heinemann, Rudolph Horsky, Leona Bergere, Margarethe Neuman and Willy Walter did some very effective work. "Ewige Liebe," (Eternal Love) Faber's folk-play, presented Wednesday evening, was well received. Next Sunday, December 8th, Messrs. Heineman & Welb will produce O. Ernest's great comedy success, in three acts, "Flachsman als Erzieher." Wednesday, December 11th, "Zwei Wappen," a comedy in four acts, by Blumenthal and Kadelburg, will be the offering.

Next week, in accordance with previous arrangements, there will be no performance by the company at Music Hall, but the season will be resumed on Monday, December 16th, with a fine presentation of Verdi's famous opera "Otello," founded on the Shakespearean tragedy of the same name. In this work, Ferdinando Avedano, the great tenor is cast for the Moor.

Mr. Achille Alberti has the character of Iago, and his polished stage-manners will be seen at their best in the famous part. Later in the week Ambrose Thomas' grand lyric opera "Mignon" is the bill. It affords the best possible opportunity for the display of the vocal powers of the company's sopranos, Thomas having written a coloratura score that has few equals in modern music. No better evidence of the strength of the company can be found than its ability to put on two such works in the same week.

"Clark's New Royals," at the Standard, this week, are drawing large audiences. Bendini and Arthur, two skilled jugglers, made a decided hit. The Burgess-Smith-Burgess trio do a splendid turn with some very pleasing comedy work. Field and Wooley, two dialect comedians, are well received. The burlesques are entertaining; the girls pretty and vivacious. "The Imperial Burlesquers," next week.



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THE STOCK MARKET.

The bull in Wall street has a hard time of it at present. He realizes that all is vanity and vexation of spirit. Things do not go his way so willingly any more; there are too many obstacles, too many adverse factors and too many bears to contend with. The cliques are still at work and trying to gain the confidence of the public by holding out specious inducements and promises of big profits on purchases at present prices. Wall street papers and the press generally are being subsidized to further the plans of syndicates that have bitten off more than they can chew. Yet, in spite of all these efforts, the old tricks won't work any more. Outsiders have become cautious; they are beginning to heed warnings; they realize that things are pretty high, and that a large part, if not all, of that glorious condition of prosperity has been discounted. Investment demand is not very brisk; the money market is, at best, a most uncertain factor, and the state of affairs in Europe is mending in an exasperatingly slow manner. It may be doubted whether it is mending any at all, in spite of some late improvement on the Paris and Berlin Bourses. There is certainly nothing strong in British consols, which are now selling at 90½, exdividend, or the lowest price touched so far. The rumors of peace, which make their appearance from time to time, are received with skepticism. There seems to be some reason, however, to believe that secret negotiations are on foot and that an important announcement will soon be made. England is undoubtedly willing to make fair concessions and to recede, to some extent, from the former extreme demands of Salisbury and Chamberlain. Speculators should, therefore, pay some attention from now on to peace rumors and not dismiss them with a shrug of the shoulder.

The remarks made in these columns last week about the temporary nature of the cessation of gold exports have been justified. It is announced that a large shipment will be made to-morrow, and the strength and rise in sterling exchange, the raising of the price of bar gold in London, the drop of sterling exchange at Paris and Berlin, all suggest further withdrawals of the yellow metal from the United States. This outward movement is growing disquieting to conservative people; it is certainly no encouraging feature, and should not be treated with optimistic braggadocio. We have, of course, lots of gold in this country, but not too much, in view of the big supply of paper money in circulation, and the constant increase in bank-note circulation during the past two years. There are a few prominent financial authorities who are willing to predict that we will yet have to suffer from the bank-note inflation, even if the notes are backed by solid gold. The inflation has undoubtedly had much to do with the phenomenal rise in American securities, and the diminution of the value of money, as reflected in smaller investment returns.

Stock exchange prices are lower. There has been quite a sharp set-back in the past week, and, at this writing, prospects point towards a further depreciation all along the line. The bears have grown decidedly aggressive; they are more confident in their operations, because they know that the public is not in the market to any appreciable extent, and that the cliques cannot support their holdings indefinitely. Bulls lay some stress on the probability of a rise in prices in January, after the disbursements of many millions for interest and dividends on bonds

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and stocks. They are even inclined to look for an advance during the present month, in anticipation of January investment requirements. There is certainly some logic and value to this view of the situation, but a good many things may happen between now and January 1st. In December, 1899, the bulls were dreaming dreams and dispensing roseate views of the same kind, and based on the same grounds, but they experienced a rude awakening, when, on December 18th, the Standard Oil interests represented by the National City Bank and Jas. R. Keene, succeeded in screwing the money-rate up to 185 per cent and in demoralizing the whole stock market. Conditions are a little different this year, of course, and it does not seem likely that we will witness a squall in money-rates in the near future. Yet, the unexpected may happen again, especially if it suits the interests of powerful cliques and banking interests to bring about a materially lower range of prices. There is no "cinch" in

Wall street, although you may sometimes imagine you have one. It should be borne in mind that many leading stocks are too high; that the cliques are burdened and anxious to sell before the deluge comes, and that prosperity has not as yet become a national fixture, although some featherheads may indulge in statements to the contrary.

Did you watch that beautiful smash-up in Amalgamated Copper? How easily it was brought about; how quickly the stock dropped! Of support by insiders little could be seen by the unsophisticated public. There were reports that Flower & Co. and other philanthropic Wall street interests were heavy buyers at the low figures. That may be. The question is, however,—did they buy for long or short account? Here is where the rub comes in. Those "honest" people may have sold Amalgamated stock by the carload, when it sold at 125 and 130 last summer, and when everybody in New York, St. Louis and elsewhere had the "tip" to buy

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Gas Co. 4	J. D.	June 1, 1905	102½-103
Park 6	A. O.	April 1, 1905	109-110
Property (Cur.) 6	A. O.	April 10, 1906	110-111
Refusal (Gld) 3.65	J. D.	June 25, 1907	102½-103
" 4	A. O.	April 10, 1908	104-105½
" 4	J. D.	Dec. 1, 1909	102½-103
" 4	J. J.	July 1, 1911	111-112
" 4	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1919	104-105
" 4	M. S.	June 2, 1920	104-106
" 4	M. N.	Nov. 2, 1911	107-108
" 4	M. N.	Nov. 1, 1912	107½-108½
" 4	A. O.	Oct. 1, 1913	107½-110
" 4	J. D.	June 1, 1914	109-110
" 3.65	M. N.	May 1, 1915	104-105
" 3½	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1918	102½-103½

Interest to seller.

Total debt about \$18,856,277
Assessment \$352,521,650

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Funding 6	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1903	104½-105½
" 3½	F. A.	Feb. 1, 1921	102-104
School Lib. 4s 10-20	J. D.	June, 1920	104-106
" 4	A. J.	April 1, 1914	104-106
" 4 5-20	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	102-103
" 4 10-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	108-105
" 4 15-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	108-105
" 4	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	105-106
" 4 10-20	J. D.	July 1, 1919	105-107
" 4 10-20	J. D.	June 1, 1920	104-106
" 3½	J. J.	July 1, 1921	101-103

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Century Building 1st 6s	1916	105½-106
Century Building 2d 6s	1917	100-102
Commercial Building 1st	1907	101-103
Consolidated Coal 6s	1911	95-100
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10	1904	99-101
Kinlock Tel Co. 6s 1st mrtg.	1928	105½-106
Laclede Gas 1st 5s	1919	108½-109
Merchants Bridge 1st mrtg 6s	1929	115½-116
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1930	113-114
Mo. Electric Lt. 2d 6s	1921	117-119
Missouri Edison 1st mrtg 5s	1927	94½-95
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s	1906	100-102
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s	1914	94½-95
St. Louis Cotton Com. 6s	1910	89½-90½
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s	1912	90-90
St. L. Troy and Eastern Ry. 6s	1919	104-105
Union Dairy 1st 5s	1901	100-101
Union Trust Building 1st 6s	1913	100-104
Union Trust Building 2d 6s	1908	75-80

BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$50	Dec. '01, 8 SA	306-310
Boatmen's	100	Dec. '01, 8½ SA	223-224
Bremen Sav.	100	July 1901, 6 SA	265-270
Continental	100	Dec. '01, 4 SA	267-269
Fourth National	100	Nov. '01, 5p.c. SA	3-0-305
Franklin	100	Dec. '01, 4 SA	289-295
German Savings	100	July 1901, 6 SA	330-335
German-Amer.	100	July 1901, 20 SA	750-800
International	100	Dec. 1901, 1½ qy	120-160
Jefferson	100	July 01, 4p.c. SA	185-195
Lafayette	100	July 1901, 4 SA	525-575
Mechanics' Nat.	100	Oct. 1901, 2 qy	281-285
Merch.-Laclede	100	Dec. 1901, 1½ qy	240-241
Northwestern	100	July 1901, 4 SA	130-150
Nat. Bank Com.	100	Oct. 1901, 2½ qy	333-334
South Side	100	Nov. 1901, 8 SA	122-125
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk	100	Oct. 1901, 8 SA	138-142
Southern com.	100	July 1901, 8 SA	110-115
State National	100	Dec. 1901, 8 SA	209-212
Third National	100	Oct. 1901, 1½ qy	241-242

* Quoted 100 for par

TRUST STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Colonial	100	Forming.	346-348
Lincoln	100	Sept. '01, 1½ qy	294-295
Miss. Va.	100	Oct. '01, 2½ qy	464-466
St. Louis	100	Oct. '01, 2 qy	346-348
Title Trust	100	Oct. '01, 1½ qy	149-150
Union	100	Nov. '01, 1 qy	388-389
Mercantile	100	Dec. '01, 1 Mo.	423-426
Missouri Trust	100		164-165

STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS

	Coupons.	Price.
Cass Av. & F. G.	J. & J.	1912 102½-103
10-20s 5s	J. & J.	1907 109-111
Citizens' 20s 6s	Dec. '88	
Jefferson Ave.	M. & N.	2 1905 105-107
10s 5s	F. & A.	1911 109-108½
Lindell 20s 5s	J. & J.	1913 116-116½
Comp. Heights U.D. 6s	J. & J.	1913 116-116½
do Taylor Ave. 6s	J. & J.	1913 116-116½
Mo 1st Mtg 5s 5-10s	M. & N.	1896 105-106
People's	Dec. '89 50c	
do 1st Mtg. 6s 20s	J. & D.	1912 98-103
do 2d Mtg. 7s	M. & N.	1902 98-103
St. L. & R. St. L.	Monthly 2p	100-100
do 1st 6s	J. & J.	1925 103-107
St. Louis 1st 5s 5-20s	M. & N.	1910 100½-101½
do Baden-St. L. 5s	J. & J.	1913 102-103
St. L. & Sub.		88-94
do Con. 5s	F. & A.	1921 105-105½
do Cable & Wt. 6s	M. & N.	1914 117-120
do Merimac Rv. 6s	M. & N.	1916 115½-115½
do Incomes 5s		1914
Southern 1st 6s	M. & N.	1904 104-106
do 2d 26s 6s		1909 106-108
do Gen. Mfg. 5s	F. & A.	1916 107-108
U. D. 25s 6s	J. & D.	1918 121-122
United Ry's Pfd.	Oct. '01 1½	89½-90
" 4 p.c. 50s	J & J	90½-90½
St. Louis Transit.		36½-35½

INSURANCE STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Cent.	100	July 1901, 4 SA	237-239

MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Lin Oil Com.	100		15-16
" Pfd.	100	Sept. 1900 1½	46-47
Am. Car-Pdry Co	100	Oct. 1901 ½	27-28
" Pfd	100	Oct. 1901, 1½ qy	84-85
Bell Telephone	100	Oct. 1901 2 qy	150-160
Bonne Terre F. C	100	May '96, 2	4-19
Central Lead Co.	100	Dec. 1901, ½ MO	118-131
Consol. Coal	100	July, 1901 1	18-20
Doe Run Min. Co	100	Dec. 1901, ½ MO	128-130
Granite Bl-Metal	100		287½-290
Hydraulic P.B.Co	100	Nov. 1901, 1	85-90
K. & T. Coal Co.	100	Feb. '89, 1	40-43
Kennard Com.	100	Aug. 1901 A. 10.	112-115
Kennard Pfd.	100	Aug. 1901 SA 3½	93-94
Laclede Gas, com	100	Sept. 1901 2 p. c	102-108
Laclede Gas, pfd.	100	Dec. 1901 SA 2½	102-108
Mo. Edison Pfd.	100		54-55
Mo. Edison com.	100		18-19
Nat. Stock Yards	100	Oct. '01 1½ qy	100-101
Schultz Belting	100	Oct. '01 qy 2 p. c.	97-101
Simmons Hdwy Co	100	Mar., 1901, 6 A	168-175
Simmons do pfd.	100	Aug. 1901, 3½ SA	139-142
Simmons do 2 pf.	100	Oct. 1901 4 S.A.	140-147
St. Joseph L. Co.	100	Sept. 1901 1½ qy	17-22
St. L. Brew Pfd.	100	Jan., '00, 2 p. c.	47-48½
St. L. Brew. Com	100	Jan., '99, 4 p. c.	43-44
St. L. Cot. Comp	100	Sept., '94, 4	2-5
St. L. Exposit'n	100	Dec., '96, 2	72-75
St. L. Transfer Co	100	Oct. 1901, 1 qy	135-145
Union Dairy	100	Nov., '01, 2 qy	220-240
Wiggins Fer. Co.	100	Oct., '01, 2 qy	170-171
Westhaus Brake	50	June 1901, 7½	49-50
" Coupler		Consolidated	

copper shares. They unquestionably, judging by recent developments, did sell at that time, for both accounts. They first reaped a harvest on the long side and now they repeat the dose on the short side. Those "representative Wall street interests," according to speculative ethics, can certainly not be blamed for availing themselves of opportunities to accumulate fortunes. All is fair in love, war and Wall street.

It is now a public secret that the copper trust is making concessions in copper prices to large consumers. It has been found impossible to maintain the fixed price of 17 cents. There is too much of the metal being produced. Our German cousins are sending it over here in liberal quantities; they say they have a good deal more for sale, and will sell it cheap for cash. The metal took a big tumble last week in London, and that started the racket in Wall street. Amalgamated Copper shares are now about 57 points below the high level of some months ago, and still insiders refuse to volunteer enthusiastic support. They will, probably, wait until outsiders have sold enough at the bottom to warrant the expectation that the stock will easily rise 15 points at least on covering of short lines. Amalgamated, like Sugar, should be let alone; you might as well go to work trying to square the circle as to engage in an endeavor to beat the Havemeyer and Rockefeller crowd at their own game. The London Times still believes that the late break in copper stocks was engineered for the purpose of furthering secret schemes of the trust. We will know more about this a few months hence.

Rumors of an attack by the Roosevelt administration and Congress on all forms of trusts and combines are flying thick and fast. One measure aimed at trusts engaged in interstate commerce has already been introduced. There seem to be rocky times ahead for the combinations. The situation suggests caution and conservatism. Purchases should be made on declines, and then for a turn only. The cliques are selling on every rally; the market has a most treacherous and disquieting aspect.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

Missouri Trust and St. Louis Transit are now the speculative favorites. The first-named is going up by leaps and bounds. It is to be hoped that the business of the company is increasing at the same break-neck speed. The bulls are still predicting higher prices for it, and if they keep up the present gait, the stock will soon sell at 200. It is now selling at 160, and transactions have been very heavy, but mostly for gambling account. It is an interesting spectacle while it lasts, and profitable at the same time to the lucky plungers who are responsible for it.

There has also been a little advance in Lincoln Trust, American Exchange, German Savings Institution, Boatmen's and Third National shares.

St. Louis Transit is now selling at the highest point ever touched, or 35½. Large amounts of the stock are changing hands. It is going up on "tips." Such a ground may not be very solid, but it will serve the purpose, especially under existing speculative conditions. The average speculator dearly loves his "tip;" he will place more value upon it than upon anything else. There is the charm of secrecy, suggestion and the vision of quick profits connected with the "tip." The man who gives you the "tip" looks wise and solemn as an owl; he has been taken into the councils of the mighty and knows what is coming. In a husky whisper he communicates the tremendous secret to you and commands you to maintain impenetrable silence. Yes, the "tip" is a great and awful thing. The tipsters now predict that Transit is good for 50, and there you are.

Bank clearances continue large. Money is in good demand. New York exchange is dropping. Sterling exchange, on the other hand, is firm and higher.

The St. Louis Transit Co., announces a consolidation or refunding of its floating debt into \$6,000,000 5 per cent. notes. On this, the stock is going up, so they claim. It is a strange reason to buy a stock on. If the company had been paying its current obligations in the past two years out of earnings, it could not have paid a cent on the preferred stock. But it is desirable to make a good showing, even if the fixed charges are increased thereby to the extent of \$300,000 per annum. Anything goes in modern finance.

THE BLUE BOOK.

The twentieth edition of the St. Louis Blue Book, which has been issued this week, bears its usual stamp of careful compilation and is gotten up in the now well known, neat binding in which it always appears. It is invaluable to the business man as well as to the ladies in Society, and once subscribed for will never be absent from the office desk. (Published by the Gould Directory Company, 813 Locust St., St. Louis.)

The thin flexible card is the latest fashion in calling cards. 100 calling cards and finely engraved plate for \$1.50—100 cards from your own plate for \$1.00. All orders executed in our own factory by expert engravers and printers. Mermod & Jaccard's Broadway and Locust.

The thing to do: "If you woke up suddenly in the night and found yourself in the den of a man-eating tiger, what would you do?" "I'd promise myself to quit drinking."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mr. Chas. A. Waugh, thirty years with the E. Jaccard Jewelry Co., has installed and is now in charge of an up-to-date stationery department at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust streets.

To Our Savings Depositors.

ON DECEMBER 10, 1901, or as soon thereafter as possible, please present your savings pass books at window No. 20, north aisle, so that interest earned, if any, may be entered therein.

Mississippi Valley Trust Company,

N. W. COR. FOURTH AND PINE STREETS.

THE DEATH ROLL.

ARTHUR W. SOPER.

Arthur W. Soper, at the age of sixty-three, died at his home in New York City on Sunday last. A native of New York State he, as a mere lad, entered the employ of the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg Railway Company. By conscientious application and the manifestation of unusual ability for one of his years, he rapidly advanced in the line of work he had chosen until in the year 1871 he was appointed Assistant Superintendent of the St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern Railway and removed to St. Louis, with his family. In this position his ability was so manifest that his promotion to the position of General Manager followed rapidly on his arrival in this city and for ten years thereafter he was the controlling mind in this large railroad property. Under his skillful guidance needed improvements were begun and carried out and when, in 1881, he resigned his position and removed to New York City, the property which had been in his charge for a decade was transferred to his successor, one of the best equipped railway lines in the West.

While in St. Louis, by his amiable disposition and good-fellowship reinforced by his ability as a railway manager, he made warm friends on every side, and will leave as many to mourn his loss in this city as in his last home.

He was a man of thoroughly domestic tastes and while he enjoyed the comradeship of the club and his business associates, his keenest pleasures were derived from his care and affection for his wife and daughter, who survive him, and in fact for all the members of his family. Always pleasant and good-natured, he yet possessed a firm will and determination which allowed no obstacle to interfere with his business plans, and in New York City, as the head of several large business interests, he enjoyed the respect and esteem of New York's most representative citizens.

A firm believer in the doctrines of the Republican party, he took an active part in politics, both Municipal, State and National, and was a fine type of what the business man should be in political life. His charities were numerous but so quietly and unostentatiously distributed that but few of his intimate friends knew how great was his bounty or how big and sympathetic his heart. His friends, while they mourn his loss, have the consolation and satisfaction of having known a man whose life was gentle, but active, fully rounded and complete.

JAMES COX.

James Cox, who died Monday last, was a man who deserved well of this city. His services as Secretary of the Business Men's League were simply invaluable. He was a man of useful information, an untiring worker, an accommodating man to all his associates, a man of original, practical ideas, a good writer, and a person of multifarious resource. He served an arduous apprenticeship in journalism, reported the campaign in the Soudan, and the bombardment of Alexandria, for the *London Times* and the rush into Oklahoma, for the *Globe-Democrat*. He was the Secretary of the temporary organization of the World's Fair. He had the statistics of this city's greatness, the particulars of its excellences and advantages at his tongue's and his fingers' ends.

He was affability itself and his willingness to do his best was absolutely indefatigable.

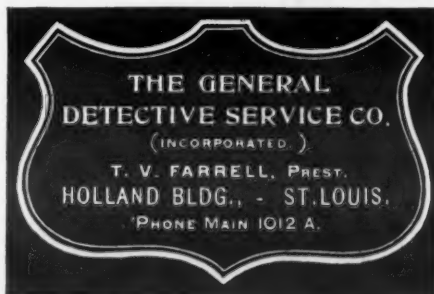
He "boomed" St. Louis in his official capacity more effectively than any man within its boundaries. In standing up for St. Louis he was a host in himself. This city would do itself honor by naming some park or place or street after James Cox.

PETER A. O'NEILL.

Mr. Peter A. O'Neill, whose remains were buried in Calvary, last Monday morning, was one of this city's best liked millionaires, because he was more than a millionaire. He was a man of good heart and strong head, shrewd but gracious, witty and wise. He laid the foundation of his fortune in taking the privileges at the old Union Depot and he invested most of it in this city. He always took a hand in a quiet way in public enterprises and his advice was always listened to with respect. His death is the first that has occurred in the roster of World's Fair Directors. He leaves an interesting family with whom the business community sincerely sympathizes. His funeral was attended by a vast number of people of all conditions of life, testifying to his worth as a man quite apart from his adventitious possessions.

NORDICA'S RECITAL.

Next Monday evening, at the Odeon, Mme. Nordica, assisted by Katharine Fisk, contralto, and E. Romaine Simmons, will make her only appearance in St. Louis, this season, in a song recital. Mme. Nordica's tour thus far has been marked by audiences ranging from two to six thousand people at every performance. In Scranton, Pa., six thousand lovers of music braved a blizzard to hear her. The programme contains ten of the finest gems in musical literature. The Polonaise from the opera "Mignon" is a favorite the world over and the "Cry of the Valkyries" is one of the most remarkable episodes of all of Wagner's music dramas. It will be an unusual treat to hear Mme. Nordica, with her wonderful technique, which makes her vastly superior to the average German singer, interpret this enormously difficult piece of vocalization. The programme opens with the aria, "Mon Coeur s'ouvre a ta voix," from "Samson et Delilah," by Mme. Katharine Fisk. This followed by Allitson's "Song of Thanksgiving," Hahn's "Si mes vers," and Richard Strauss' "Serenade," by Mme. Lillian Nordica. Next comes the "Polonaise" of Chopin, by Mr. E. Romaine Simmons, and then Mme. Nordica appears again with "La Rose," by Webber, "At Parting," by Rogers and a "Polonaise" from "Mignon," by Thomas. After this Miss Fisk renders successively "Winter-nacht," by Hollaender, "Obstination," by Fontenailles, "Auf Wiedersehn," by Nevin. The programme concludes with Nordica's rendition of Grieg's "Ich Liebe Dich," and "Im Kahn," "Sicherheit," by R. Franz, and "Brunhilde's Call," from "Die Walkure," by Wagner.



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COMPLETE CASTS.
GREAT CHORUS.

Adolf Liesegang, Musical Director.

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SPECTACULAR AIDA.

N. B.—In accordance with previous arrangements, there will be no performance during the week of December 9.

Week of
December 16, OTELLO and MIGNON.

POPULAR PRICES—Eves., \$1.00 to 25c, Wed. mat., 25c & 50c, Sat. mat., 25, 50, 75c.

THE STANDARD.

THIS WEEK,

Clark's New Royal Burlesquers

NEXT WEEK,

IMPERIAL BURLESQUERS.

ODEON, Monday, Dec. 9, Mme. Lillian Nordica

SONG RECITAL BY

Assisted by MME. KATHARINE FISK, Contralto, E. ROMAYNE SIMMONS, Pianist.

Tickets—Parquette, \$2.00; Balcony, \$1.50 and \$1.00; Boxes, \$15.00.

SALE MONDAY, DECEMBER 2. Bollman's, 1100 Olive Street.

ODEON—SUNDAY POPULAR CONCERTS. Direction
EVERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON AT 3:30. ALFRED G. ROBYN

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Admission to all parts of the house, 25 Cents.

GERMANIA THEATER.

Fourteenth and Locust Sts.
Heinemann & Welb., Managers.
SUNDAY, Dec. 8th, 1901—The Greatest Comedy
Success of German Stage.

FLACHSMAM ALS ERZIEHER

Original Comedy in three acts, by O. Ernst.
WEDNESDAY, DEC. 11th, 1901.

The great laughing success of the season.

"ZWEI WAPPEN"

Comedy in four acts by
Blumenthal and Kadelburg.
Reserved Seats and Dozen tickets at box office,
Germania Theatre.

Ice Palace

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CENTURY

THIS WEEK,

THE

Bostonians

IN

the new comic Opera

BY

DeKoven & Smith,
Maid MarianA Sequel to
Robin Hood.Matinees, Wednesday
and Saturday.

NEXT SUNDAY

Liebler & Co's

new spectacular
production,

The

Christian.

Matinees,

Wednesday and
Saturday.Reserved Seats on sale
Thursday.

OLYMPIC

LAST WEEK OF
Klaw & Erlanger's
stupendous production
of

Gen. Lew Wallace's

Ben

Hur

Dramatized by
William Young.

Music by

Edgar Stillman Kelley

Matinees Wednesday
and Saturday.Special Extra Matinee
Friday.

NEXT SUNDAY

THE

Augustin Daly

Musical Co.,

IN

San Toy

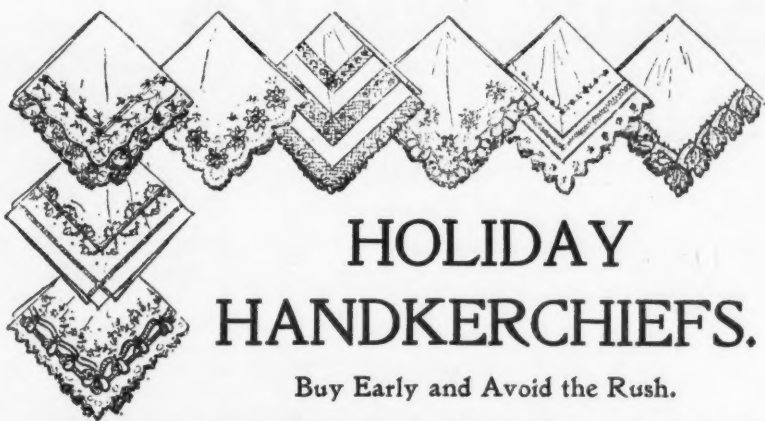
Regular Matinees,

Wednesday and
Saturday.Reserved Seats on sale
Thursday.

Doctor: "Mr. Tiffinton, your wife will risk her life if she attends that wedding so soon after having pneumonia." Mr. Tiffinton: "Well, doctor, she'll die if she has to miss it."

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'Tis Hardly Necessary For Us to Repeat the Already Oft Repeated Assertion that This Store is By Far the Best Equipped to Supply the Public Wants in All Kinds of Holiday Goods.



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Buy Early and Avoid the Rush.

500 dozen Ladies' Embroidered Initial Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, 6 in box, regular value 85c, any initial you want, at 50c a box.

100 dozen Ladies' all Pure Linen Hand Drawn in four corners, Hemstitched, regular value 25c, your choice, at 15c each.

150 dozen Ladies' all Pure Linen, Embroidered and Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, cheapest Handkerchief in America, for 15c each

Holiday Presents IN Ladies' Neckwear

Fancy Neck Ruffs, all styles, qualities, kinds and prices, Liberty silk, chiffon and net, at 98c, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.25, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50 up to \$17.50.

Automobile Scarfs, latest novelties this season, we carry the best line in the city, all colors and combinations from 25c to \$1.25 each.

1,500 dozen Real Point Venice Turn-over Collars, we closed out all the imported had, regular value 35c each, your choice of lot 17 1-2c each.

PIANOS.

And though he were to waste much valuable time cudgeling his brains as to what would be the "right thing," he could not hit on a more seasonable or acceptable present for wife, mother, sister, cousin or sweetheart than a piano!! Time was when the idea would have staggered a young man of ordinary circumstances, but the advent of CRAWFORD'S in the piano business, has brought the price of pianos to a correct basis, and made the purchase of a piano a no more important matter than the purchase of any other article of ordinary value which might be tendered as a gift. The following prices are for brand new upright pianos of finest construction, splendid tone and handsome appearance. Each one bears our guarantee of 5 or 10 years, according to value.

\$125, \$150, \$175, \$189, \$200 and up.

And you can buy them on the following terms: \$10.00 cash and \$10.00 a month until paid. Note how easy for almost anyone to do the handsome thing for once in a lifetime!!

D. Crawford & Co.,

WASHINGTON AVENUE AND SIXTH STREET.

Jewelry.

Ebonoid Brush and Comb, sterling silver mountings, worth \$1.50, our price \$1.00

Dresden back Brush, Comb and Mirror, beautiful designs, worth \$3.00, our price 75c

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Special sale of gentlemen's Watch Chains, best quality, gold filled, worth from \$3.00 to \$5.00 each, our price \$2.00

New line of solid gold Brooches for holiday trade \$1.25 to 10.00 each

FURS.

1,500 Children's and Misses' Fur Sets, every variety of Fur made in the latest shapes, at 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50 to \$12.00 per set.

At \$2.50, Gray, Tiger and Mink Chester Scarfs, six tails, real value \$4.50.

At \$4.50, Mink Chester Scarfs, six tails, beautifully finished, worth \$6.75.

Fur Muffs, every variety of fur, at \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.50, \$3.75 to \$15.00

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At Christmas time a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of gifts

NOT WHAT SHE EXPECTED.

A young lady of Memphis, who is somewhat noted for her coquetry, was talking a few days ago to one of her numerous beaux.

"Oh," she said, in a most pitiful tone of voice, "nobody loves me."

As she paused for reply the young man said, with that tenderness which always appeals to the feminine heart:

"I am quite sure that somebody does love you."

Her face brightened very perceptibly, as she said with a great deal of interest:

"I wonder who on earth it can be. Do you know?"

"Oh, yes," he replied. "God and your mother."—*Memphis Scimitar.*

"Risen from the ashes of a former desert."

PHOENIX,

ARIZONA,

Possesses wonderful attractions as a winter resort. Its climate is perfect and it can be reached by the

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

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John DeLoss Underwood,
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Marvin Dana,
Sophie Earl,
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FOR A BIRTHDAY

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By Ernest McGaffey.

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